A STORY BY A. CONAN DOYLE. COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1873.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.
Copyright, 1892, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

THE HOMEWARD-BOUND PENNANT.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 1090.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A RETROSPECT.

AT the time of this writing the result of the Presidential election is not yet known, but in any event the people of the United States have reason to look back upon the campaign just closed, in many respects, with genuine satisfaction. Within the last thirty years there has been no campaign more entitled to the name of a political school of the people, none in which spectacular display and all those contrivances set on foot to excite so-called enthusiasm among the unthinking played a more insignificant part, none in which the soberest kind of argument and the most thoughtful and unimpassioned discussion of public questions and interests attracted so much popular attention and produced so large an effect. At the beginning of the canvass it was undoubtedly the purpose of the Republican managers to set the usual machinery of processions and torch-light parades and floats and songs and girls in white in motion on the grandest scale. Mr. CLARKSON'S great scheme of the organization of "young Republican marching clubs" all over the country had evidently in view the inauguration of a shouting and singing rage which should set the excitable wild without their knowing why. The scheme failed because the temper of the rank and file of his party failed to respond. There may have been similar plans formed on the Democratic side, which failed for similar reasons.

The cause of this is not to be found in the mere fact that the candidates of the two parties had been before the people in a former campaign, and all that could be said had been said for and against them. Nor is it to be found in what the politicians erroneously called "apathy." There was neither intellectual nor moral apathy. The truth is that the people took the issues of the campaign seriously; that they saw before them something tangible, definite, and important to think about—something which did not excite their imagination, but challenged their understanding; that they wished to understand it well, and then to act accordingly; and that they were not in a mood to be lured away from the subject of their serious inquiry by brass bands, gay uniforms, and the doggerel of glee clubs. It would, of course, be too much to say that this was the state of mind of all the voters of the country. But it was the state of mind of a sufficient number of them to give tone and temper to the whole canvass. It would also be too much to say that the arguments and appeals addressed to the popular mind were all well considered or all sincere. On the contrary, there was on the part of the advocates of the interests protected by the tariff a plenty of juggling with facts and figures; and the scandalous bids for the "Irish vote" made by Mr. BLAINE and politicians of his school proved that the demagogue was still ready to go to extremes. But the disinclination of the popular mind to permit itself to be governed by mere impressions or sensations, and the unusually widespread desire to get at the truth by candid inquiry, rendered all the arts of the demagogue and the unscrupulousness of the sophist far more than ordinarily ineffective.

It has already been noticed in these columns how remarkably free the campaign was from coarse personal abuse of the candidates for the Presidency. The attacks made upon Mr. HARRISON and Mr. CLEVELAND, although in some cases grossly unfair, and even mendacious, were at least confined to that which in political controversy is a fair subject of discussion, criticism, or censure—the public acts, the public character, of public men. Nor did the vilification of the prominent citizens who publicly passed from one party to the other, except in the case of Mr. MACVEAGH, even in a remote degree, reach that standard to which we have been accustomed on similar occasions. On the whole, it was not a campaign disfigured by private scandal.

But its most notable and characteristic feature was the steady advance to the foreground, as the discussion progressed, of the ethical side of the tariff question. Not how the tariff affected the wealth of the country, and the material well-being of the various classes of its inhabitants, but how it affected the character of our people, the morality of our political life. The integrity and durableness of our free institutions of government was at last found to be the topic of deepest interest to the listeners at public meetings and the readers of newspapers. And there is no doubt that had the campaign lasted another fortnight, this would have become almost the exclusive theme of argument and exhortation. This is really the most encouraging symptom of the moral health of the popular heart. The corrupting tendencies which have grown to such magnitude under the direct and indirect influence of the protective system are indeed very alarming. They may at times appear to engulf everything. But so long as an appeal to the honest impulses and to the patriotism of the citizen is more powerful with the people than an appeal to material interest, the struggle against corruption is not hopeless. The people will stamp out the evil as soon as they become fully conscious of its existence.

Whatever the result of the election may be, the campaign which preceded it has served to teach us several lessons of high value. It has shown how unnecessary spectacular campaign displays and noisy demonstrations are to excite the popular interest if the questions at issue are discussed with thoughtful argument. It has shown that appeals to the highest order of motives are most effective with intelligent and patriotic citizens. It has fastened the attention of the American people upon the growing evil of corrupt practices, and may, it is to be hoped, bring forth vigorous and successful efforts for their repression.

THE DUTY OF GOOD CITIZENS TO THE MUNICIPALITY.

THE assertion that the Republican candidate for Mayor is nominated to assure the election of the Tammany Hall municipal ticket is no longer of any avail in this campaign. Owing to the decision of the Police Commissioners, based on the opinion of the Corporation Counsel, that the Democratic electoral ticket cannot legally be printed on the ballots of the County Democracy, Mr. QUINN has withdrawn from the canvass. The contest is now between Mr. EINSTEIN and Mr. GILROY, and may be made, without effect on the national campaign, between Tammany and anti-Tammany.

Every citizen who desires to record his protest against this autocratic organization and its methods may now do so without fear that he is thereby encouraging a division of the opposition to it which is calculated to aid it in maintaining its hold upon the spoils and patronage of the municipality. The theory that conscientious voters must support Tammany whenever there are two or more tickets against it was never entitled to much respect; but this year there is only one serious opposition ticket in the field, and therefore the whole adverse sentiment can be concentrated in votes for Mr. EINSTEIN. Anti-Tammany Democrats who might have cast their votes for Mr. QUINN, under the mistaken notion that they were thus vindicating their claim to be true and loyal party men, ought now to give their support to the Republican candidate. Partisan sentimentality, which is always a dangerous element in city politics, is inexcusable in this campaign. In local affairs the voters are at liberty to choose between Tammany and anti-Tammany, and to mass their votes on two candidates. There is no danger to the national ticket to be apprehended from Democratic votes that will be cast for Mr. EINSTEIN. The Democrats who will thus express their independence of national issues in local affairs are sufficiently intelligent and sufficiently interested in the general issue to be trusted to see to it that their opinions and wishes find full expression in the ballot-box.

An excellent opportunity is now offered to demonstrate the strength of popular feeling against the men who for several years have enjoyed complete control of the city government. This feeling is not necessarily hostile to the particular men who this year happen to be candidates for office. It is directed against an organization which, as we have said before, exists for the purpose of reaping the pecuniary gains and exercising the political power incident to the administration of the city's business. A large number of worthy men, whose easy good-nature makes them careless and superficial, will vote for Mr. GILROY because they think that Tammany's recent conduct of public affairs has shown a marked improvement. They do not realize that this improvement, little enough when we recall the low condition of New York compared with the model municipalities of Europe, is simply the evidence of Tammany's wise determination not to arouse public indignation, and that it marks the limit of the concessions that our rulers are willing to make to the growing demand for better and cleaner streets, for more light, for the best that modern skill and ingenuity have accomplished for the amelioration of municipal life.

It is not only possible, it is highly probable, that Mr. EINSTEIN will not be elected. Some of his critics, who would naturally be expected to support him, assert that he does not desire to be. It is difficult to imagine, however, what he can gain by courting defeat. Certainly, with the second Democratic candidate out of the field, he and his friends have nothing to offer that will compensate the Democrats in a trade. But whether he can or cannot be elected is not the question of supreme importance. The probabilities of defeat or triumph do not affect the WEEKLY'S decision in this matter, and they ought not to govern the judgment of any citizen of the metropolis who is honestly bent on doing his best and utmost for the welfare of the city of his residence. He who is only eager to be on the side of the majority will never accomplish much for the uplifting of New York from the political quagmire in which it is now sunk.

Not only will a many-voiced and intelligent opposition hold Tammany to some degree of decent regard for the forms and essence of good government, but it will inspire all who desire a better state of affairs, which means the election of municipal officers who will consider only the interests of the city, with the hope that Tammany is not impregnable, but that it may be turned out of the State Legislature, the City Hall, and the Court House whenever the good citizens of New York, disregarding party politics, consider public questions with that sanity and clear-mindedness with which they regard the problems of their private businesses.

A PASTORATE CLOSED.

AMONG the ministers of New York few have had a wider and none a more beneficent influence than the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, whose pastorate of the Broadway Tabernacle, extending a few months over twenty years, was last week closed by his resignation. He succeeded the Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, and found a difficult task confronting him, and that was to maintain a church in a neighborhood the character and occupancy of which had changed widely since the church was established and its building erected. This is a very frequent problem in so growing and changing a city as New York. In most cases no attempt is made to solve it, but it is merely evaded by a migration to some new quarter which is still a quarter of residence. This is always a pity, because it is precisely in the quarters that have changed or been degraded from their former estate that the need of churches is, in a sense, the greatest. Yet this is a need that is scarcely met at all, except by churches that are handsomely endowed, like Trinity, and do not depend for their support upon the voluntary contributions of their members. Under Dr. TAYLOR'S pastorate the "old Tabernacle" has been as respected and of as much influence as in the former days, when it was in the centre of a quiet residential district, instead of fronting upon a bustling business street, echoing to the rattle of an elevated railroad.

This successful and beneficent ministry has been brought to a close in circumstances peculiarly touching. Dr. TAYLOR'S health failed last spring, and the church granted him a six months' leave of absence, in the hope that he would recover it. In a letter read to the congregation on Sunday, October 30th, the pastor announced that while his progress had been more rapid and steady than had been thought possible, some time must yet elapse before restoration could be expected. Even if that expectation were fulfilled, he added, "I am painfully conscious that I can never hope to be again the man that I have been." The labor, and especially the excitement, of preaching would constitute an ordeal which it would be imprudent for him to undergo. Accordingly he felt bound to restore his charge into the hands of his congregation, which he did with an eloquent expression of his affection for his people and of his undiminished interest in the church.

Though it is not expected that Dr. TAYLOR will be able to preach again habitually, it is hoped that many years of industry and usefulness lie before him as a writer on moral and religious topics, for his pen has been not less powerful than his voice. When he was called to the Tabernacle, his congregation took for him a life-insurance policy for $35,000 on the twenty-year plan, and this has matured and become available during the present month.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE Triennial General Convention of the Episcopal Church, which closed its session of three weeks on Tuesday evening, October 25th, in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, was one of the most impressive in appearance and demeanor, and one of the most important in results, of all the national councils of that communion. The Convention was emphatically a working body. The debates were spirited and able. The prompt despatch of business and the quiet repression of useless oratory were remarkable. This must be attributed in no small measure to the able president of the House of Deputies, Dr. MORGAN DIX, of Trinity Church, New York. In the long list of distinguished Speakers of Congress not one has surpassed Dr. DIX in control of the house, though he seldom used the gavel; and some of them, perhaps, might even learn lessons from Dr. DIX in unfailing urbanity, dignity, impartiality, combined with wonderful promptness in deciding questions of parliamentary law. On the other hand, a spectator could not but observe with pleasure the deference of the house to the slightest word that fell from the lips of the president. So that it might be truly said that the president, as he sat in his chair, wearing the silk gown of a Master in Arts, set the example of deportment, and gave a tone of dignity and refinement which was quickly caught by the house itself. The code of good manners and polite speech was scarcely once violated in the hottest discussions, and if it was, the error was immediately apologized for, and the unguarded language withdrawn.

The first in importance of the business transacted was the completion of the revision of the Book of Common Prayer, a matter of deepest interest and concern to all Episcopalians. This has been accomplished, and the "Standard Prayer-book of 1892" goes into use on and after November 1st (All-Saints' day) of the present year. Fifty-two proposed alterations had to be voted on at this Convention by dioceses and orders. The deputy who had charge of the Prayer-book alterations, the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL HART, made a most favorable impression upon the Convention by his minute knowledge of his subject. Though he labored to be brief, he was never obscure. Fifty-two times he had to rise, as the alterations came up in turn, and explain the meaning and object of each, and then submit to a running fire of questions whenever any one of the four hundred deputies desired fur-

ther elucidation. Almost all the alterations were eventually adopted by both houses, one or two giving rise to animated discussion.

The next important matter was the new Hymnal. As originally reported some months ago, it was subjected to sharp criticism in the public press, and a long and hot debate was anticipated. This was obviated by the tact of Rev. Dr. H. W. NELSON and his associates on the Hymnal Commission. They modified their report so wisely, retaining many old favorites and rejecting many new (and very poor) hymns, that the new Hymnal, thus amended, was adopted, and a tedious and unprofitable discussion of some six hundred hymns was avoided, to the manifest joy of the house.

Another matter which caused the most interesting and exciting discussion of the whole three weeks (excepting a debate on the mission to Mexico, in which the bishops took part) was an amendment to the constitution offered by the Rev. Dr. HUNTINGTON, of New York. He proposed to introduce as the first article of the constitution what is known as the "Lambeth Declaration" of essential Church principles. With a view to promoting "Christian unity," he also proposed that any congregations, not at present in communion with the Episcopal Church, which accepted the four points of the Lambeth Declaration, and whose ministers had received "episcopal ordination," might affiliate themselves with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and place themselves under the "spiritual oversight" of a bishop. This debate occupied many days, and some "scenes" of excitement undoubtedly occurred. The debate was earnest and able, sometimes brilliant. Dr. HUNTINGTON'S amendments were not actually passed, but he secured the formal adoption of the "Chicago-Lambeth Declaration." This declaration has now passed both houses of the General Convention, and is the highest authorized statement of the sentiment of the Church on this great subject. Considering that the Lambeth terms of Christian union have been so lauded, especially by Episcopalians; considering that they have claimed this declaration as their *irenicon*, or olive branch of peace; considering, further, that every Episcopal clergyman is required by his Prayer-book to declare, whenever he baptizes a child, that the short Apostles' Creed contains *all* the articles of "the Christian Faith"—it was truly astonishing to a looker-on to observe that the proposal to place that very statement of the Prayer-book in the constitution should have been regarded as full of hidden danger. An impartial observer could hardly see where the danger lay; but the discussion was educational, and the effect will probably be enduring.

There was much curiosity to hear and see the bishops; and no wonder, for they are really able men. Many are men of commanding presence and of fine intellectual faces. They are eloquent in the pulpit, and not a few can speak on the platform in such a way as might well excite the envy of some of our leading politicians. No member of the Convention excited more interest than the Bishop of Massachusetts (PHILLIPS BROOKS). Wherever he was announced to preach or speak, crowds followed that could not be counted. And yet (and this is his greatest charm and highest praise) he seemed utterly unconscious that he was the cynosure of all eyes; he seemed perfectly indifferent to the popularity which, in his case (to quote Lord MANSFIELD'S words), "follows, and is not run after."

A solemn and impressive service, all the bishops attending in their robes and university hoods, closed the session. The Bishop of Mississippi (Dr. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON) read the Pastoral Letter—an admirable, well-written, weighty composition.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

THE flower show has become an established institution, and has a strong hold upon the people of the metropolis. Whether these exhibitions be held in the spring or in the fall, they are always grateful. But in the autumn, when nature's annual winter sleep approaches, there is something particularly attractive in the last blossoms of the garden. And the last out-of-door flower—the chrysanthemum, that blooms when the frost approaches—gives its name to these autumn exhibitions, because the various varieties of it very naturally predominate. And as it has of late years become the people's flower, this fact adds to the popularity of the shows. Americans are considered by the pessimists to be hopelessly material in their tastes and modes of life. The pessimist rarely ever sees the silver lining, and therefore his estimate of American materialism is too great. But, notwithstanding this, American materialism is too great. That the great Madison Square Garden should be crowded three times each day for a week with people who go to see an exhibition of flowers is a hopeful sign, and an indication that the merely material in the American nature is loosening its hold. A love of beauty, whether in art or nature, tends towards a higher plane of living and thinking and feeling. A man or woman, while under the influence that pictures or flowers exert, cannot be either sordid, mean, or coarse. If such periods of respite from materialism only be occasional and brief, still they must be of value in softening hard natures and in contributing towards that kindliness of feeling and gentleness of manner without which nothing is worth while in this world, for from these must come that social progress to which we look for universal regeneration.

The chrysanthemum has been cultivated in Europe for a long time. In America the higher forms of the flower have only attracted attention within comparatively recent years. It is the natural flower of Japan, and only in the royal gardens there and in the gardens of the high nobility were the finest types of the chrysanthemum seen until recently. By the importation of plants, and by learning the simple secret of their cultivation, these plants have become so common and at the same time so perfect in America that their varieties are almost numberless, and their beauty probably as great as in Japan itself. The chrysanthemum thrives by itself with little attention, but there is no flower in the garden that so amply repays care and attention. Its beauty and ease of cultivation have made it the people's flower; its cheerful response to care has made it of unbounded interest to the enthusiastic horticulturist. Let a plant alone, and it will yield almost numberless blossoms, that are beautiful but small. Feed the plant liberally, and disbud each stem to one blossom, and these will expand until they are three, four, and even ten inches in diameter. This is what the horticulturist endeavors to do, and at a show none but these large specimens are likely to be seen. But the others are very beautiful, and probably please the people quite as much as the larger sorts. The horticulturist prefers quality to quantity, but it may be that he also overestimates the real value of mere bigness. The chrysanthemum is also a democratic flower, for from the seed of the finest plant that ever grew in a Mikado's garden there is no certainty that any but the humblest variety will spring. But this humble sort, by development and education through successive years, can be persuaded to produce the noble specimens that win the prizes at the shows.

When the gentlemen of the University Settlement Society arrange for entertainments for the poor people of the tenement-house districts, it might be well for them to consider how valuable a flower show might be. It would be easy to get the flowers, we fancy, and a sight and study of these could not fail to lighten, in some measure at least, the hard lot of these poor people, whose unrelieved method of life tends towards brutality instead of that higher civilization which should be at this time the heritage of every man and woman in our country.

'VARSITY VETERAN.

ONE hardly realizes, without stopping to consider, what an immense popularity the game of football has acquired within the last ten years. It is now the most prominent of the college sports. To be a member of the 'varsity team is to be among the leaders of the college, and the captain is perhaps the most conspicuous character in university life. His fame is almost national; for college men, wherever they may be, are watching him and the work he is doing, and discussing his abilities. In four short years the young athlete has made himself a name among his contemporaries that it may take him as many decades to equal in the world. Yet no matter how successful he is, he will probably be obliged to settle down at the close of his course to hard work at the bottom of the ladder, and the change is a pretty difficult one for youth and pride to accept. When it comes, it finds him handicapped, because he has become accustomed to fill an important position, and is so much less inclined to fill an unimportant one.

Yet the course is simple enough. A young man, coming perhaps from some small town, who is blessed with a healthy, vigorous body, and a moderately cool head, "tries" for his college team, and secures a place. It is very probable that at the start he has few acquaintances or friends. Towards the end of his third year he is a candidate for the captaincy, with only two or three competitors, and is elected. He steps at once into a prominent position. Outside the college gates men who stand well in the world's affairs treat him with marked respect; his biography and portrait appear in the papers; his remarks are quoted on every hand. And among his collegemates his standing is much higher. He chooses his own men, his own coaches, his own methods of play; and the fact that he is captain of the team recommends him to other positions. If he has any social qualities whatever, he can almost choose the clubs and societies he will join. The great majority of college men look to him to maintain the name of the college and to represent them on important occasions.

In addition to this, it is not uncommon to-day for a father to make matters worse by unconsciously over-encouraging his son, thereby fortifying him in his delusion that the sport is the most important part of college life. To the average parent it is certainly more interesting to talk over the progress of the game his son is directing than to discuss the last lecture; and, indignant as he would be if you charged him with encouraging the boy to let his thoughts run entirely on athletics, he will spend Sundays and holidays with him discussing the latest developments of the game. Indeed, if the truth be told, there are few parents who are not rather proud of being known as the father of the "captain of our team." Can one wonder that under the circumstances the relative importance of work and sport is sometimes lost in the mind of a twenty-year-old undergraduate?

Then, when the success of the game has been assured, and the college course is finished, the man who has been dined and fêted has to commence his life in the world. Whether he is to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a journalist, or a business man, the principle is the same. He has to learn the routine, the beginnings of the work before him; and no one who has not tried it himself can realize what a jump downwards that means. The new clerk, who knows nothing of business principles, finds himself far below men who seemed to look up to him but a short time before.

Far be it from us, however, to disparage the sport. These games and the direction of them give young men a taste of what self-respect and manliness really are; they educate them to decide calmly under pressure, to keep a cool head in emergency. They are one of the strongest influences towards temperance in college, where the "training man" sets the standard of morals for his classmates. But the popular growth of the sport has reached such a point, and the work required to prepare a team for one of our great intercollegiate games is so absorbing, that a young man is apt to think it the most important thing in his life for the time being—to forget how secondary it really is in the end. It is difficult enough for him to maintain his equilibrium while he fills such an important position, and he needs all his common-sense, when the time comes to drop into the lower place, to keep him from misunderstanding himself and his work and losing good heart.

And then, when the change has been manfully mastered, and, for a crumb of comfort, he goes back, four years after his college days are done, to the old football field again, he realizes at last what the change really means. The men are playing as they were when he led them. He even recognizes some of the plays as his own inventions; and yet another voice is directing the team, and among all that crowd, players and audience, not one knows him by sight, and few could recall his name. "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PRUE AND I. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated from Drawings by ALBERT EDWARD STERNER. 8vo, Illuminated Silk, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50. (*In a Box.*)
Edition de luxe (limited to 250 copies), Full Vellum, $15 00. (*In a Box.*) Ready shortly.

DAISY MILLER AND AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE. By HENRY JAMES. Illustrated from Drawings by HARRY W. MCVICKAR. 8vo, Illuminated Cover, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50. (*In a Box.*)
Edition de Luxe (limited to 250 copies), Full Vellum, $15 00. (*In a Box.*) Ready shortly.

A TOUR AROUND NEW YORK, and My Summer Acre: Being the Recreations of Mr. Felix Oldboy. By JOHN FLAVEL MINES, LL.D. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

THE PRAISE OF PARIS. By THEODORE CHILD, Author of "Art and Criticism," etc. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

ALONG NEW ENGLAND ROADS. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, LL.D., Author of "I Go a-Fishing," etc. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 00.

AN EARTHLY PARAGON. A Novel. By EVA WILDER MCGLASSON, Author of "Diana's Livery." Illustrated by F. V. DU MOND. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, BROWNING. By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 00.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN CENTRAL EUROPE. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through France, Switzerland, and Austria, with Excursions among the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

THE IVORY GATE. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. In Harper's Library Edition of Besant's Novels.

CHILDREN: Their Models and Critics. By AURETTA ROYS ALDRICH. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents.

AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS, with Other Essays on Other Isms. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. In the series "Harper's American Essayists," comprising: Howells's *Criticism and Fiction*; Warner's *As We Were Saying*; Curtis's *From the Easy Chair*; Higginson's *Concerning All of Us*; and Hutton's *From the Books of Laurence Hutton*.

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

LONDON. By WALTER BESANT, Author of "Fifty Years Ago," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

HARPER'S BLACK AND WHITE SERIES. Latest Issues. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, 50 cents each: *A Little Swiss Sojourn*, by W. D. Howells; *A Family Canoe Trip*, by Florence W. Snedeker; *A Letter of Introduction*, by W. D. Howells.

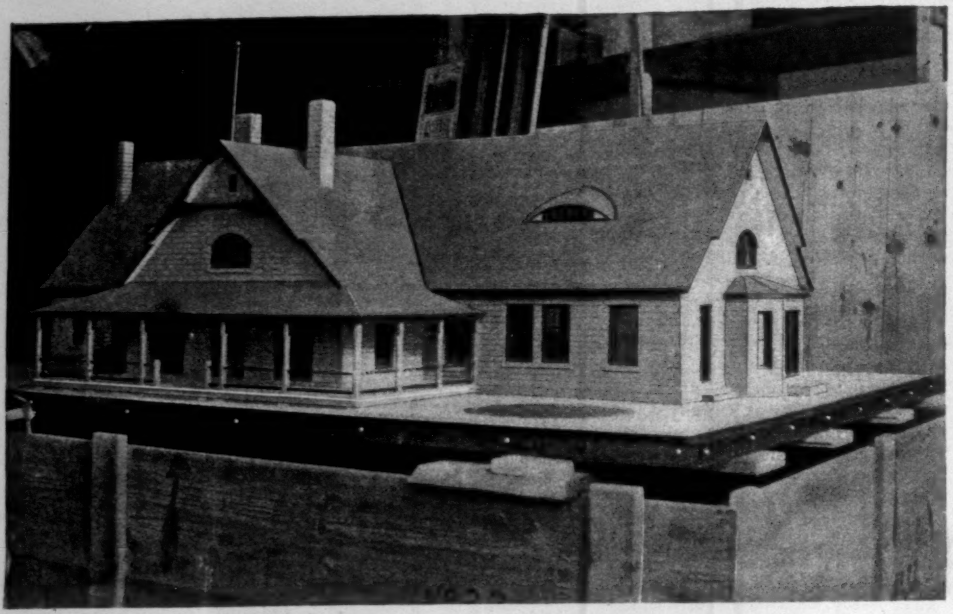
THE DESIRE OF BEAUTY: Being Indications for Æsthetic Culture. By THEODORE CHILD, Author of "Art and Criticism," etc. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents.

FIELD-FARINGS: A Vagrant Chronicle of Earth and Sky. By MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 00.

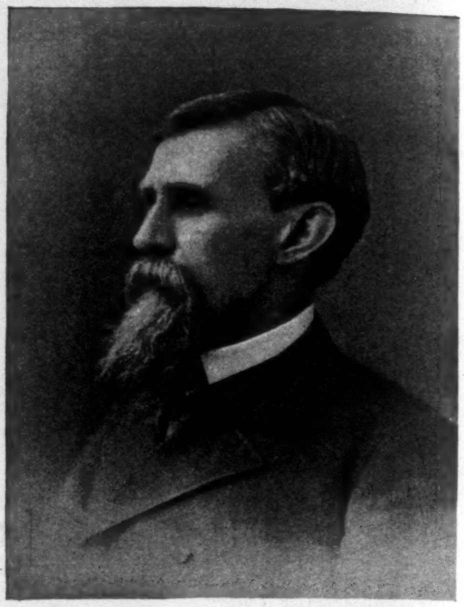
THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS. By BORDEN P. BOWNE, Author of "Metaphysics," "Introduction to Psychological Theory," etc. 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

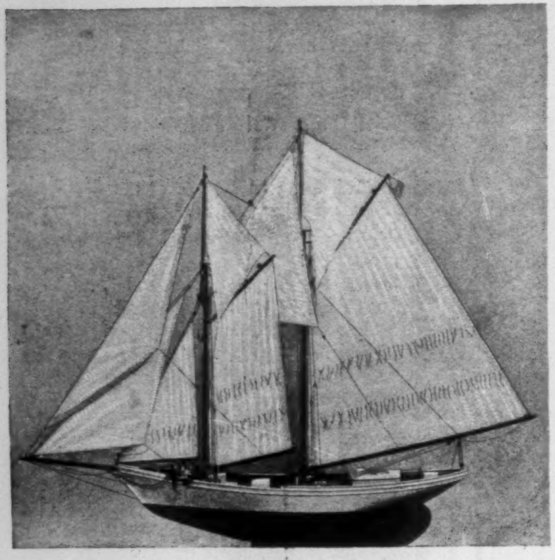
The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*



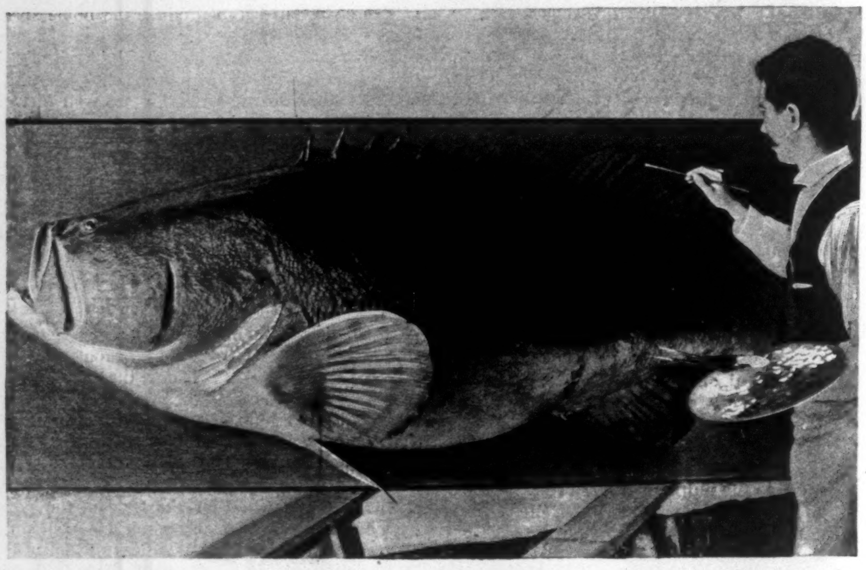
MODEL OF UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION STATION, LEADVILLE, COLORADO.



THE HON. MARSHALL McDONALD, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF FISH AND FISHERIES.

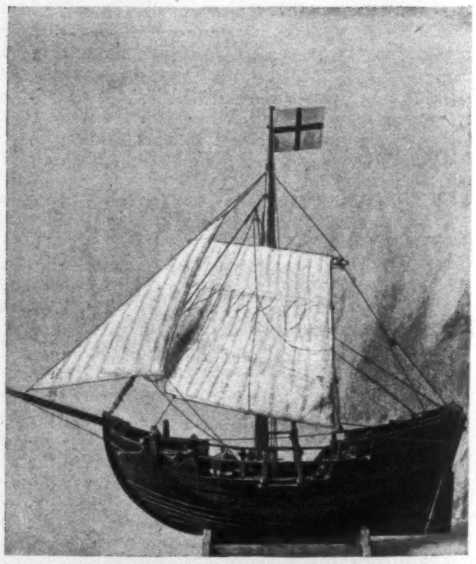


MODEL OF IMPROVED TYPE OF FISHING-SCHOONER RECOMMENDED BY THE FISH COMMISSION.

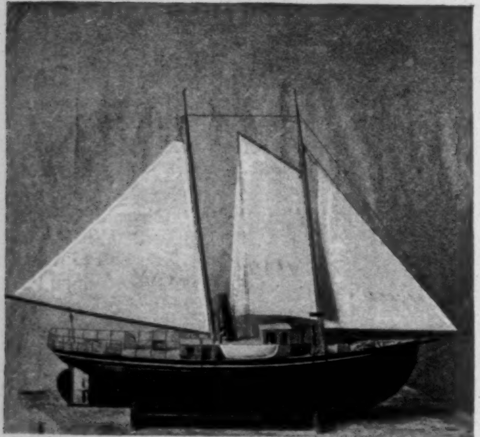


FINISHING TOUCHES.

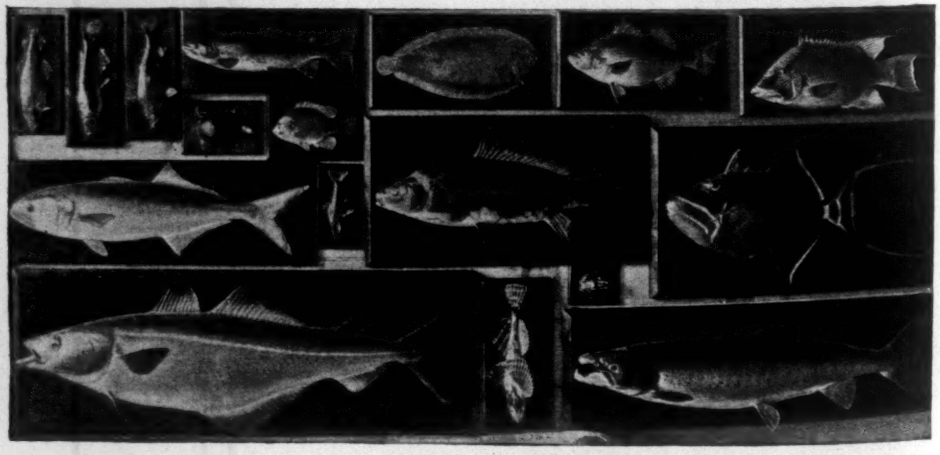
GROUP OF MODELS OF FISHING-CRAFT READY FOR PACKING.



"SPARROW-HAWK"—MODEL CRAFT OF 1626.



MODEL OF ALASKAN SALMON STEAMER "ROYAL."



SOME SPECIMENS.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—EXHIBIT OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.—From Photographs.—[See Page 1094.]

BERNSTEIN'S TICKET.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

LINEY knew what was coming, she had seen it on the way these three days. She had seen Sade, with her bundle, loitering round Bernstein's, and then disappearing without going in. She knew as though she had been told how desperate the girl was; how she must in these three days have grabbed up that bundle and determinedly sallied forth to get money on it, only to give out at the last moment, and dejectedly go home again.

She knew what straits she was in, how poor she had become, what demands for money were upon her; she could fancy her sitting up at nights sewing on Strauss's coats, and tending Jack at the same time; no wonder she was white as a ghost and thin as a rail, with that awful look in her face that comes to a woman on the verge of despair.

Well, she deserved it, every bit of it. Liney had had that look in her own face six months ago, and nobody had noticed it, or pitied her if they had noticed it, that look was so common down in their part of the town. She believed she should have gone crazy if she had stuck at the coat-making.

She had always been lucky ever since she came from the country, not the scary thing city-bred Sade was. Now Sade had the rooms by herself, and a hundred other expenses, what must she be like?

Looking back to that time of her own despair, when she had seen Jack drift from her and Sade become secretive, saying little when she heard her friend's woes, Liney wondered even yet why she had not discovered the girl's character. But sorrow had dulled her perceptions at the time; not until she saw Sade and Jack together were her eyes opened; not till that evening when she felt that the close room would stifle her, and she had gone out alone to cry in the dark so that Sade might not see her, and maybe tell the other girls at Strauss's about it, did she understand. She could see them yet, Sade holding Jack's hand as they came along the street in the extravagant light of the electrics. Something stopped in Liney as though the mainspring of a watch broke with a little whirring sound and put an end to the remorselessness of time. She was tearless when she went home that night, full of laughter. And Sade, who was already in the flat, looked at her. She remembered telling Sade it was the coats that had been wearing on her, that fresh from the country she was not used to the confinement, and her nerves were unstrung.

Lucky as usual, next week she was engaged as a book agent, and gave up the coats. She let Sade think the new employment made her haughty; let her think that as the reason for ending the co-operative housekeeping, though she did say she must be nearer the publishing house.

That her new employment took her into the open air was everything; the change, the movement, were what kept her from frenzy, she thought. She had tried to forget Jack; he was too weak to think of; he had never cared for her; but in trying to forget him, all the stronger grew her realization of Sade's perfidy.

In her jaunty garb, as she canvassed her books and talked glibly, as had always been her wont, and cracked her jokes with impressionable men at their places of business, all the time she thought of Sade and her treachery. That she was one of the firm's best canvassers impressed her little; that she heard men who bought her books call her "a daisy," and chaff and engage her in conversation, and think her green, did not even amuse her. A fixed idea took possession of her—how she should revenge herself on Sade, the peevish, simple thing, whose very weakness had done more for her than Liney's go-ahead way had done for its possessor.

The fixed idea lived and grew. She dreamed of Sade, bad dreams; she thought of her, bad thoughts. Closer and closer she drew to her in her hatred. Once, when she found herself outside a shop where fire-arms were sold, and felt fascinated by the gleaming barrels behind the plate-glass, she set her lips together. She must do something to stop that. So she went to socials, to theatres, anywhere, everywhere; and Sade, hearing about it, was shocked, and said she had made a narrow escape in getting rid of her former friend, while Jack warned her to keep clear of Liney, she said. All this Liney heard through Mattie, a mutual friend, who worked at Strauss's, and who suspected a little of the truth. And how Liney laughed! She dressed all the more, got extravagant hats and the like, and knew that she shocked the two, and was relegated to a plane far beneath them.

How she enjoyed it! Her nature changed, and she was merry to boisterousness, and regardless in her ways before the world. Her room could have told of times when she was neither merry nor cheerful, but no one ever entered her room but herself.

That winter she danced and went innumerable times to the theatre. Toward spring she was as run down as any fashionable débutante after her first season; her cheek had lost its country color and firmness that had made her so

attractive; her eyes had a lustre in them still, but it was not that of rounded health.

She was one of the best canvassers her firm had, made the most money, and yet her room rent was often in arrears, and there were times when she had very meagre meals.

"Why," said Bernstein's new clerk, Jo, "what do you do with the boodle you make?"

"I pay my way," she answered. "I never let anybody pay for my theatre ticket or my ball ticket."

Jo whistled. "You're a holy show," he informed her. "That's the reason the other girls don't have much to do with you, I guess."

"I hate women," she said, with a flavor of vindictiveness. Then laughed, "Oh, say, Jo, don't you want to subscribe for Stanley, and learn all about Darkest Africa?"

"What's the matter with lightest America?" asked Jo. "America's good enough for me; I don't want the earth."

That spring, what with the languor in her blood and in the air, she had strange moods. Sometimes going along the street, the soft air smoothing her cheek, she thought of her country home, and forgot the unhappiness there, where Maria, her brother Jim's wife, was so domineering, and complained of lazy girls eating their heads off, and advising the city for motherless sisters who were a burden to their poor brothers. Sometimes in the heart of the city, in broad glaring noon, she heard the low of the cows, saw the field flowers of home, and experienced the ineffable rest of the country hush. She dreamed of the brook in the wood, and how she had first met Jack there, when he had come down to put in the stairs of the new country house Judge Gray was building. Jack! Jack! To dream of him woke her always.

Had it been her sister-in-law or Jack that had brought her to the city? No one would ever know that, nor how sick of the city she was, nor how she thought of the country and the rest there after the fever and turmoil of town.

But she would never go back to the country, she vowed; she would be ambitious, and make her way in the city. Marry? She hated men and she hated women, and one woman above all others.

May came, and her subscriptions fell off; men were not so chaffy as usual, were not cordial when she tackled them in their offices with her books. The spring was in their blood too, and vistas of country outings filmed their eyes, and put her aside as something that had to do with winter's wear and tear.

She lost her energy, often preferring to go and sit in the Park to soliciting subscriptions.

In the Park, yes, for one day she had seen Sade and Jack there, and Jack looked miserable.

A strange thought came to her—Jack regretted his treatment of her, and his conscience smote him.

So, after that meeting, she often went to the Park, and occasionally saw the pair loitering along in the late afternoon sun. But now they did not recognize her at all, and passed by her without looking at her.

For Sade had heard from Mattie of her winter's carrying on, and Jack commanded her never to notice Liney.

Liney heard this through Mattie, and laughed, and went to the Park all the same; they should not say she feared to come because of them.

One warm evening in May, after an enervating day, she went to Mattie, not having heard anything for some time. Mattie told her that Jack was sick.

Up jumped Liney. Jack was alone; there was no one to nurse him; she would go to him, tell him she did not expect him to care for her, but that he must not suffer, that he should not if she could help it.

"Where is he?" she asked, quietly as she could.

"Oh," returned Mattie, "there wasn't anything else for Sade to do; she had your room yet, you know, so she had him moved there; he asked her to do it; he was so afraid something would happen to her and he not by. He's awful careful of Sade, she was raised so tender, she says."

Liney knew what made him so careful of her; he feared she might become the wild creature her one-time friend was now.

She sat heavily down. So Sade took care of him, Sade, the girl who did not know what love meant, but who wanted a husband to take care of her.

"And they're awful poor," Mattie was saying. "He ain't been able to work this long while, and she's had to neglect her work. Now she's got the coats at home, so she can look after him. I want to tell you something"; she came nearer Liney, a smiling light in her eyes. "He's awful careful of Sade; before he'd go there and be sick, he made Sade go for a minister."

"A doctor, you mean," said Liney, sharply.

"Do I?" replied Mattie. "I said a minister. They're married."

A long breath came from between the lips of the girl who listened.

She did not sleep that night; she did not know how many nights after that she kept awake, hearing the hours strike. She was alert, sharply alive to everything.

She attended to her work feverishly, and no longer went near Mattie. Instead, she frequented the neighborhood where Sade and Jack lived, became quite chummy with Jo at Bernstein's, a few doors away from Sade's flat.

She used to go in there and pretend to try and sell a book, her eyes on the window all the time; she thus sometimes saw Sade go by, carrying home her work, and that was all. But she thought of Jack sick there in the room that had been hers, Sade leaning over him, caressing him, he looking up into her eyes with that man-expression of helplessness when he is looked upon by the woman who trusts him above all other men.

Of course she imagined things that never happened—things that nearly drove her torn mind wild, and which fed her hatred as nothing she might have seen or heard could have done. And the culmination came when she had seen Sade sauntering near the shop that had the arms of Lombardy dangling above it.

The second day Sade with her bundle arrested her. Her quondam friend was untidy, haggard, wild of eye. She came along full tilt till she reached the shop, then she hesitated, and ended by pretending to examine the treasures exposed for sale in the window. Then she retraced her steps listlessly, and re-entered the flat.

Liney knew what would come. The third day she was bright and early at the shop. Jo looked up at her as she entered. Jo believed that she was "mashed" on him, she had come so often of late trying to beguile him into subscribing for one of her books. His prominent nose seemed to glisten, his long eyes, with a droop in the outer corner, to sparkle.

"You can't shake me, Jo," she said. "I'm bound to see you educated. I dreamt last night you wanted Stanley. I've got it in cloth, leather, levant binding. There are three hundred illustrations by the best artists, from photographs taken on the spot. The letter-press is of the choicest, the paper of the most elegant quality. Indeed, sir, no gentleman's library is complete without it. I've sold copies to Emperor William and the Dreibund. When I showed William the picture of the savages going for the rear-guard, he cried like a child. 'Brace up, old man,' says I. 'Brace up.' 'I will, Liney,' says he. 'Put me down for two copies,' and buried his face in his handkerchief."

Jo was grinning.

"I stopped here on my way to Paris," went on Liney. "They sent for me early this morning; they feared I'd sell out; they want copies for the kindergartens."

Jo burst out laughing. "You ought to 'a' been an actress," he said. "Why don't you go on the stage, anyway? Look how you wear your hats. Sarah can't come up to you in a hat; you're out of sight—and you from the country too!"

"A country girl come to town is like a Jew turned Catholic—she goes ahead of the born thing," said Liney.

"I say, Liney," Jo said, "I'm in earnest; you'd be a sundowner. Look at your figger."

"Oh, rats!" said Liney. "Every woman's an actress. If I couldn't beat some of the actresses I've seen I'd shut up shop. There's a 'My God!' play down at the Windsor, and the girl that all the fuss is about says 'Heaven help me!' eleven times, and if I couldn't say it better'n her I'd just go out for a walk, I would. She don't know what it really is to want Heaven to help her."

"I s'pose you do."

"Who? Me? I'm a canvasser, I am. No gentleman's library is complete without— Oh, I say, Jo, that's a dandy Smith and Wesson in the window. What's the damage?"

"You don't want no Smith and Wesson," returned Jo. "You— Wait, here's a customer."

Liney knew who the customer was, and she held her breath as Jo went beyond the partition to wait on the newcomer. She heard Sade's voice for the first time in months, and her even little teeth ground themselves together. She didn't want a Smith and Wesson, didn't she? She put her ear to the wooden partition. She heard only Jo's sharp voice. Then a lull, as Jo made out the ticket, and then the jingle of silver. Her ear was still at the partition when Jo came around with a huge bundle. He laughed as he saw her position.

"I wanted to hear her cry," she explained. "I guess they all cry that come here. Don't they?"

"Only the tough ones," said Jo. "The new ones are too frightened."

"Was that a new-comer?"

"She lied like one; said the coats were her brother's, and her name was Mary Brown. If them coats is her brother's, then her brother must be a dude, for they're brand-new."

"Maybe she stole 'em. Wouldn't you get into trouble? I wouldn't like you to get into trouble, Jo."

"Not much! We'll hold 'em. See? We'll give it away to the police to-night."

"My! You're smart, Jo. Well, I see this is your busy day, sir. I pass this way to-morrow. By that time you will have spoken to your lady about it. Some ladies prefer cawf, others the fragrant Russia. I hope to have your order, sir. I bid you good-morning. Ta-ta! So long! I have five lunches on hand, some teas, and a ball."

Leaving Jo in an ecstasy of laughter, she went from the shop. Her head was burning. She knew what had happened—Sade had pawned the coats she had been working on. And suppose Jack were to know—Jack, who was so careful of her!

Sade was a thief. Whether she redeemed the coats or not, she was a thief in mind.

Surely her revenge was better than she had thought. Nobody could prove a thing against herself. She was honest in every way. And— She stopped short; there before her lay a familiar-looking ticket—familiar since Jo had inducted her into the mysteries of his calling. She grabbed it up. It was in the name of Mary Brown, for five coats; the amount, $5 plus expenses. Sade had evidently dropped it.

Such a possession! But what should she do with it? She went along past the house where she and Sade had once lived together, where Sade and Jack lived now.

She was exultant. To think of the misery of Sade when she discovered her loss! She would not dare to tell Jack, and yet she could not get the coats without the ticket.

She went home at once; she threw her canvasser's outfit into a corner, and sat down and rocked herself for very glee, that precious ticket in her clasped hands.

There were noises in the house—women's and children's staccato, with a man's drone now and then; there were noises in the street; but she heeded nothing. Sade was in her power, and her revenge was at hand. She had been wronged, bitterly wronged, wronged as only one woman can wrong another, and the woman who had wronged her was in her grasp.

The light in her room changed in quality, the shadows moved round, the day aged, the night came on. The electric leaped up, and it was like moving water, the light on her ceiling. Still she sat there, having eaten nothing all day, having noted nothing all day, only realizing that a moment had come to her, a moment sweet to savage as to saint—the reward for suffering.

All night she sat there. There was a fight in the house, and she heeded it not; there were ribald noises in the street, and she did not hear; the hush of midnight, the solitary steps on the street, some sad woman's dreary laugh; a pale gray gleam in the east, a fading of darkness, the rattle of milk wagons, of ice carts, the lumbering of drays, and the poor world was awake again, and labor, with wide eyes, swung the whip of the task-master.

She rose, and bathed her face. She dressed herself carefully. She kicked aside her canvasser's bag, then stooped and picked it up; it would look better for her to have it with her. She was merry, fiercely happy. There was a young child outside her door, playing with a headless doll. She gave the tot some pennies, and was rewarded with a wide smile from its Milesian mother, who witnessed the act. She even made a joke with the mother regarding the color of the child's hair, and said she expected to see a white horse in the street. She made directly for the pawnbroker's.

"I'm blessed!" Jo exclaimed. "You must 'a' got up before you went to bed. What's the racket? Going to last night's ball?"

"I came to see you about your Stanley," she returned. "The price of it is nothing to you."

"Hush!" he said. "The boss, old man Bernstein, 's in there."

"Maybe he'll take a Stanley," said she. "Let me have a try at him."

"He'll fire you out," whispered Jo. "He does all the peddlers and canvassers. He was a peddler himself oncet. See?"

She wished to find out if Sade had been there about the lost ticket. She hedged and nearly touched upon Mary Brown, but evidently nothing had happened. She was astonished; it was not like nervous Sade. If she had missed the ticket she would have been wild to find it, and would have rushed to the shop among other places. What did this mean?

"See you later," she said to Jo. "I've made up my mind you've got to have a Stanley."

Jo winked to himself when she had gone out. "I'm a masher from Masherville," he said. "I don't have to give myself away to get a wife. Iky Sundheim had to get a Schatchen."

Liney had gone up the street. The day was pure and warm, but there were no suggestions of the country now; everything was gone, city and all, and only her revenge was in her mind.

She determined to hang round the flat till Sade went out after some needful commodities. She sat in a doorway and waited. Several women left the house with baskets and pitchers, but Sade was not one of them. Then all at once Sade did come, in her nervous hurry, as usual, full tilt, a bag on her arm. She hastened up the street, looking neither to right nor left, turned a corner, and hurried along.

Liney ran and looked after her. There was a Catholic church round the corner, open all the time. Sade went in there, not that she was a Catholic, but Protestant churches are not open week-days. Liney laughed bitterly at the idea of Sade's church-going. It was just like her to fly to religion, to go and pray in a church when she was in a scrape. Her nostrils expanded; she pressed the handle of her bag till her fingers were bruised. She must do what she came out this morning to do—see Jack. She turned back, and entered the house where she and Sade had lived together. She went up to the third floor and threw open the door. A little girl was there; Sade had borrowed her from her mother to mind till she came back. Liney gave her some money and dismissed her.

She knew that in the next room Jack lay. She waited a moment, and passed her hand over her face before going in there and denouncing Sade to him. But she would do it. Then with a cry she sprang forward, and entered the room that had once been hers, the pawn-ticket in her hand. She looked, and fell back. Could that be Jack—that weak, miserably thin creature there on the bed? He was sleeping. She had never before seen a sick man. Jim's illnesses had consisted of an occasional attack of "dyspepsy" when he had eaten more than his usual number of pies, and she always blamed Maria's crust for that. But here was something different. Here was a man with all the manhood burned out of him, and nothing of the pathos of a woman come in its stead—a man stretched out and helpless, with the violet pallor of bloodless exhaustion in his face.

A great awe fell upon her. She glanced about her at the mean apartment, whence most of the furnishings had disappeared. Sade had evidently sold them for the money required for the sick man. And yet how gladly she would have welcomed this dreariness if it had been brought about by him! Suppose she was his wife sitting here watching him! Her fancy played her sad tricks; she was light-headed through fasting and weariness of soul and body, and it seemed to her as she sat there that Jack did belong to her.

"Jack!" she murmured, her eyes upon him. "Jack!"

Did her passion control him? her fervor sway the weak physical wreck?

For the bloodless lips parted, and she heard her name pronounced, "Liney," though his eyes remained closed. She leaned over him. Again, without unclosing his eyes, he said her name, "Liney."

Closer she leaned to him, until his feeble breath brushed her cheek, until her lips for just an instant touched his, when a shadow fell across her and him, and Sade was in the room. She went up to Liney and took her by the arm, and led her into the next room, closing the door after her. Liney was the weak one now.

"What are you here for?" asked Sade.

Liney's head was still light, the feeling that Jack belonged to her would not leave her, and yet she was afraid of Sade too. Mechanically she held out her hand to plead with Sade. In that hand was the pawn-ticket. Sade sprang to her with a cry, and possessed herself of it.

"Oh, Liney!" she said. "How did you get it? How did you know it was mine? Oh, the Lord is good to me! the Lord is good to me! I threw it away; I did not lose it. You know what it is for? It is for the coats I was making. I have been to church this morning. I went there to pray for help; the first time I've went to church for years. Oh, the Lord is so good, so good! Jack has been so sick, with typhoid. I couldn't get his money, for the men were on the strike, and his boss wouldn't pay up till they'd settled things. He promised this morning to pay next week. I've worked for Jack; I've nursed him faithful. And all that time you was going to theatres and balls, Mattie tells me. Jack didn't know me, and he took me for you more than once—called me Liney. When I pawned them coats I thought he was dying; I didn't care for anything then, so I threw the ticket away after I'd got the money to buy things for him; I knew if he died I wouldn't never work another stroke, but 'd die too. But last night the doctor he said he'd get well. Then I thought I'd kill him after all, for if he knew I was a thief, that 'd be the last of him. And now you've brought me the ticket. Oh, Liney, how good of you; and we've thought you was the other way. And I— Oh, well, maybe you was kind of cut up because Jack liked me better than he liked you. I couldn't help it, Liney, upon my soul I couldn't; I loved him the first time I seen him. Look at me, see the gray in my hair, see how ugly I've got, and old-looking, and all because I love him so, and took care of him while he was sick."

She paused, breathless, panting, her hand up over her heart. Liney's head had cleared a little. Sade loved Jack, had possessed herself of him; but that did not tell all the story. She thought of her name just uttered in the adjoining room; she thought of that kiss of hers laid on the sleeping lips; of his mistaking Sade for her in his sickness.

"Liney!" she seemed to hear him say, and not untenderly—"Liney!"

"Have you got the money to take out the coats?" she asked Sade. "I was in the pawnbrokers—he is a friend of mine—when you came in. He's told the police about 'em; and when Strauss knows it's his coats, you know what 'll happen."

Sade shrank back, wild-eyed.

"Give me the ticket," went on Liney, in a calm way she did not understand herself; "I'll get the things out and take 'em to Strauss."

"They're not finished," said Sade, "and I can't sew now."

"I'll finish them," returned Liney. "Here—here's the pay for them. I'll get it back from Strauss. He in there mustn't know."

She thrust money into Sade's trembling hand, and again had the ticket. This had scarcely been accomplished when Sade uttered a shriek. There, standing in the doorway of the next room, was Jack with a sheet wrapped round him. He slowly extended one thin hand till it pointed to Liney, while Sade ran to him, and clung to him.

"Send that woman away," he said, in a shrill, weak voice. Liney's eyes were on his.

Sade folded her arms around him. "Oh, Jack!" she said, "you don't mean Liney? It was a mistake. I told you lies. She—"

"Send her away," he said. "I tell you to send her away." He grasped his wife with his weak hands, crying out for her to send her away—send her away; that she hurt him; that she made him suffer.

"He was dreaming of me," said Liney to herself, with joy; "he can't control his dreams; he can never forget me."

She turned away without looking at the two standing there, and left the room, left the house. She went to the pawnshop. "Jo," she said, "don't you remember how you caught me with my ear to the wall when Mary Brown was here with the coats yesterday? I knew her voice. She's a friend of mine, and she's in a hole. Here's the ticket, and here's the money. Give me the coats. Get a move on you, Jo. I'm in a hurry. Got to go to Washington this afternoon, the President wants a copy of Stanley. I've telegraphed them not to wait supper for me, but I must hurry all the same."

She hardly knew what she said. But she had the coats; and with a parting quip, left the place.

Jo looked after her. "That's the kind of girl that takes Rough-on-Rats when a fellow goes back on her. I only hope I haven't encouraged her too much, for I guess I'll marry Rosy Bernstein after all. This shop goes with her."

Liney went home to her room. There she sat down, and finished the coats. She paid the rent of her room, gave it up, and went out with the coats. She carried them to Strauss late in the afternoon. She had a dollar in her pocket—all that she had in the world. But she would get paid for the coats. Yet she had bungled with them. Mr. Strauss said they were ruined, and tore his hair, and refused a cent in payment.

She laughed, and left the place. Night was coming on—a starry, tender night. She wandered about. She had no home to go to now, and she did not want one. She forgot hunger, weakness. She went along till she passed out of the jarring noise, to the bridge. People were walking there—lovers, loafers. She went into one of the embrasures. A tattered woman, with a crying sickly child, came and stood beside her.

"It's teething," said the woman, "and the doctor said fresh air."

Liney took a fifty-cent piece from her pocket. "Here is something to cut its teeth on."

The woman took it with profuse thanks, and hurried away.

"She's going for drink," laughed Liney. "Oh, well! It will make her forget for awhile."

She looked down into the turbid water into which the stars tried to shine.

"He turned me away," she murmured. "He will never believe in me. And yet he can never hate me—never. But he turned me away."

She rose and leaned over the railing. This was the way girls in the plays did when the world was dead against them. Then the plays were not so false after all. She laughed.

"He turned me away," she thought. "He will never believe in me."

Her hands were on the railing. She turned to look back into the city whose lights flared up to the sky like fires of a great sacrifice. A pair of lovers, hand in hand, sauntered near. She waited till they had gone by, and then she climbed the railing, looking down into the opaque water that rustled against some obstruction she could not see. It made a low, sucking sound, infinitely soothing.

"Yes—yes," she said, as though she answered something addressed to her. "Yes—yes."

She held on by one hand only—swayed. Then she fell back, her hands up over her face.

"I can't! I can't!" she said. "I wouldn't even see him in heaven if I did. He will know the truth up there; he won't belong to Sade up there, for the Bible says there ain't any marrying or giving in marriage in heaven. Oh, I'll go home to the country. I must be with something that knows me—that I belong to. I'll go to Jim, and I'll work so hard on the farm Maria won't complain; and maybe she'll get to like me after awhile."

JELLAND'S VOYAGE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

WELL, said our Anglo-Jap, as we all drew up our chairs round the smoking-room fire, it's an old tale out yonder, and may have spilt over into print, for all I know. I don't want to turn this club-room into a chestnut-stall, but it is a long way to the Yellow Sea, and it is just as likely that none of you have ever heard of the yawl *Matilda*, and of what happened to Henry Jelland and Willy McEvoy aboard of her.

The middle of the sixties was a stirring time out in Japan. That was just after the Simonosaki bombardment, and before the Daimio affair. There was a Tory party and there was a Liberal party among the natives, and the question that they were wrestling over was whether the throats of the foreigners should be cut or not. I tell you all, politics have been tame to me since then. If you lived in a treaty port, you were bound to wake up and take an interest in them; and to make it better, the outsider had no way of knowing how the game was going. If the opposition won, it would not be a newspaper paragraph that would tell him of it; but a good old Tory, in a suit of chain-mail, with a sword in each hand, would drop in and let him know all about it in a single upper-cut.

Of course it makes men reckless when they are living on the edge of a volcano like that. Just at first they are very jumpy, and then there comes a time when they learn to enjoy life while they have it. I tell you, there's nothing makes life so beautiful as when the shadow of death begins to fall across it. Time is too precious to be dawdled away then, and a man lives every minute of it. That was the way with us in Yokonama. There were many European places of business which had to go on running, and the men who worked them made the place lively for several nights in the week.

One of the heads of the European colony was Randolph Moore, the big export merchant. His offices were in Yokohama, but he spent a good deal of his own time at his house up in Jeddo, which had only just been opened to trade. In his absence he used to leave his affairs in the hands of his head clerk, Jelland, whom he knew to be a man of great energy and resolution. But energy and resolution are two-edged things, you know, and when they are used against you, you don't appreciate them so much.

It was gambling that set Jelland wrong. He was a little dark-eyed fellow with black curly hair, more than three-quarters Celt, I should imagine. Every night in the week you would see him in the same place, on the left-hand side of the croupier at Matheson's rouge-et-noir table. For a long time he won, and lived in better style than his employer. And then came a turn of luck, and he began to lose so that at the end of a single week his partner and he were stone broke, without a dollar to their names.

This partner was a clerk in the employ of the same firm, a tall straw-haired young Englishman called McEvoy. He was a good boy enough at the start, but he was clay in the hands of Jelland, who fashioned him into a kind of weak model of himself. They were forever on the prowl together, but it was Jelland who led, and McEvoy who followed. Lynch and I and one or two others tried to show the youngster that he could come to no good along that line, and when we were talking to him we could win him round easily enough, but five minutes of Jelland would swing him back again. It may have been animal magnetism, or what you like, but the little man could pull the big one along like a sixty-foot tug in front of a full-rigged ship. Even when they had lost all their money, they would still take their places at the table, and look on with shining eyes when any one else was raking in the stamps.

But one evening they could keep out of it no longer. Red had turned up sixteen times running, and it was more than Jelland could bear. He whispered to McEvoy, and then said a word to the croupier.

"Certainly, Mr. Jelland; your check is as good as notes," said he.

Jelland scribbled a check and threw it on the black. The card was the king of hearts, and the croupier raked in the little bit of paper. Jelland grew angry, and McEvoy white. Another and a heavier check was written and thrown on the table. The card was the nine of diamonds. McEvoy leaned his head upon his hands and looked as if he would faint. "By God!" growled Jelland, "I won't be beat," and he threw on a check that covered the other two. The card was the deuce of hearts. A few minutes later they were walking down the Bund, with the cool night air playing upon their fevered faces.

"Of course you know what this means," said Jelland, lighting a cheroot. "We'll have to transfer some of the office money to our current account. There's no occasion to make a fuss over it. Old Moore won't look over the books before Easter. If we have any luck, we can easily replace it before then."

"But if we have no luck?" faltered McEvoy.

"Tut, man, we must take things as they come. You stick to me and I'll stick to you, and we'll pull through together. You shall sign the checks to-morrow night, and we shall see if your luck is better than mine."

But if anything it was worse. When the pair rose from the table on the following evening, they had spent over five thousand pounds of their employer's money. But the resolute Jelland was as sanguine as ever.

"We have a good nine weeks before us before the books will be examined," said he. "We must play the game out, and it will all come straight."

McEvoy returned to his rooms that night in an agony of shame and remorse. When he was with Jelland he borrowed strength from him, but alone he recognized the full danger of his position, and the vision of his old white-capped mother in England, who had been so proud when he had received his appointment, rose up before him to fill him with loathing and madness. He was still tossing upon his sleepless couch when his Japanese servant entered the bedroom. For an instant McEvoy thought that the long-expected outbreak had come, and plunged for his revolver. Then with his heart in his mouth he listened to the message which the servant had brought.

Jelland was down-stairs, and wanted to see him.

What on earth could he want at that hour of the night? McEvoy dressed hurriedly, and rushed down stairs. His companion, with a set smile upon his lips, which was belied by the ghastly pallor of his face, was sitting in the dim light of a solitary candle with a slip of paper in his hands.

"Sorry to knock you up, Willy," said he. "No eavesdroppers, I suppose?"

McEvoy shook his head; he could not trust himself to speak.

"Well, then, our little game is played out. This note was waiting for me at home. It is from Moore, and says that he will be down on Monday morning for an examination of the books. It leaves us in a tight place."

"Monday!" gasped McEvoy. "To-day is Friday."

"Saturday, my son, and 3 A.M. We have not much time to turn round in."

"We are lost!" screamed McEvoy.

"We soon will be if you make such an infernal row," said Jelland, harshly. "Now do what I tell you, Willy, and we'll pull through yet."

"I will do anything—anything."

"That's better. Where's your whiskey? It's a beastly time of day to have to get your back stiff, but there must be no softness with us, or we are gone. First of all, I think there is something due to our relations—don't you?"

McEvoy stared.

"We must stand or fall together, you know. Now, I for one don't intend to set my foot inside a felon's dock under any circumstances. D'ye see? I'm ready to swear to that. Are you?"

"What d' you mean?" asked McEvoy, shrinking back.

"Why, man, we all have to die, and it's only the pressing of a trigger. I swear that I shall never be taken alive. Will you? If you don't, I leave you to your fate."

"All right. I'll do whatever you think best."

"You swear it?"

"Yes."

"Well, mind, you must be as good as your word. Now, we have two clear days to get off in. The yawl *Matilda* is on sale, and she has all her fixings and plenty of tinned stuff aboard. We'll buy the lot to-morrow morning, add whatever we want, and get away in her. But first we'll clear all that is left in the office. There are £5000 in the safe. After dark we'll get them aboard the yawl, and take our chance of reaching California. There's no use hesitating, my son, for we have no ghost of a look in in any other direction. It's that or nothing."

"I'll do what you advise."

"All right; and mind you keep a bright face on you to-morrow, for if Moore gets the tip and comes before Monday, then—" He tapped the side pocket of his coat, and looked across at his partner with eyes that were full of a sinister meaning.

All went well with their plans next day. The *Matilda* was bought without difficulty, and though she was a tiny craft for so long a voyage, had she been larger two men could not have hoped to manage her. She was stocked with water during the day, and after dark the two clerks brought down the money from the office and stowed it in the hold. Before midnight they had collected all their own possessions without exciting suspicion, and at two in the morning they left their moorings and stole quickly out from among the shipping. They were seen, of course, and were set down as keen yachtsmen who were on for a good long Sunday cruise, but there was no one who dreamed that that cruise would only end either on the American coast or at the bottom of the North Pacific Ocean. Straining and hauling, they got their mainsail up, and set their foresail and jib. There was a slight breeze from the southeast, and the little craft went dipping along upon her way. Seven miles from land, however, the wind fell away and they lay becalmed, rising and falling on the long swell of a glassy sea. All Sunday they did not make a mile, and in the evening Yokohama still lay along the horizon.

On Monday morning down came Randolph Moore from Jeddo, and made straight for the offices. He had had the tip from some one that his clerks had been spreading themselves a bit, and that had made him come down out of his usual routine; but when he reached his place, and found the three juniors waiting in the street with their hands in their pockets, he knew that the matter was serious.

"What's this?" he asked. He was a man of action, and a nasty chap to deal with when he had his topmasts lowered.

"We can't get in," said the clerks.

"Where is Mr. Jelland?"

"He has not come to-day."

"And Mr. McEvoy?"

"He has not come either."

Randolph Moore looked serious. "We must have the door down," said he.

They don't build houses very solid in that land of earthquakes, and in a brace of shakes they were all in the office. Of course the thing told its own story. The safe was open, the money gone, and the clerks fled. Their employer lost no time in talk.

"Where were they seen last?"

"On Saturday they bought the *Matilda*, and started for a cruise."

Saturday! The matter seemed hopeless if they had got two days' start. But there was still the shadow of a chance. He rushed to the beach, and swept the horizon with his glasses.

"My God!" he cried. "There's the *Matilda* out yonder. I know her by the rake of her mast. I have my hand upon the villains after all."

But there was a hitch even then. No boat had steam up, and the eager merchant had not patience to wait. Clouds were banking up along the haunch of the hills, and there was every sign of an approaching change of weather. A police-boat was ready with ten armed men in her, and Randolph Moore himself took the tiller as she shot out in pursuit of the becalmed yawl.

Jelland and McEvoy, waiting wearily for the breeze which never came, saw the dark speck which sprang out from the shadow of the land and grew larger with every swish of the oars. As she drew nearer they could see also that she was packed with men, and the gleam of weapons told what manner of men they were. Jelland stood leaning against the tiller, and he looked at the threatening sky, the limp sails, and the approaching boat.

"It's a case with us, Willy," said he. "By the Lord, we are two most unlucky devils, for there's wind in that sky, and another hour would have brought it to us!"

McEvoy groaned.

"There's no good softening over it, my lad," said Jelland. "It's the police-boat right enough, and there's old Moore driving them to row like hell. It 'll be a ten-dollar job for every man of them."

Willy McEvoy crouched against the side, with his knees on the deck. "My poor mother! my poor old mother!" he sobbed.

"She'll never hear that you have been in the dock, anyway," said Jelland. "My people never did much for me, but I will do that much for them. It's no good, Mac. We can chuck our hands. God bless you, old man! Here's the pistol."

He cocked the revolver, and held the butt towards the youngster. But the other shrunk away from it with little gasps and cries. Jelland glanced at the approaching boat. It was not more than a few hundred yards away.

"There's no time for nonsense," said he. "D—— it, man, what's the use of flinching? You swore it!"

"No, no, Jelland."

"Well, anyhow, I swore that neither of us should be taken. Will you do it?"

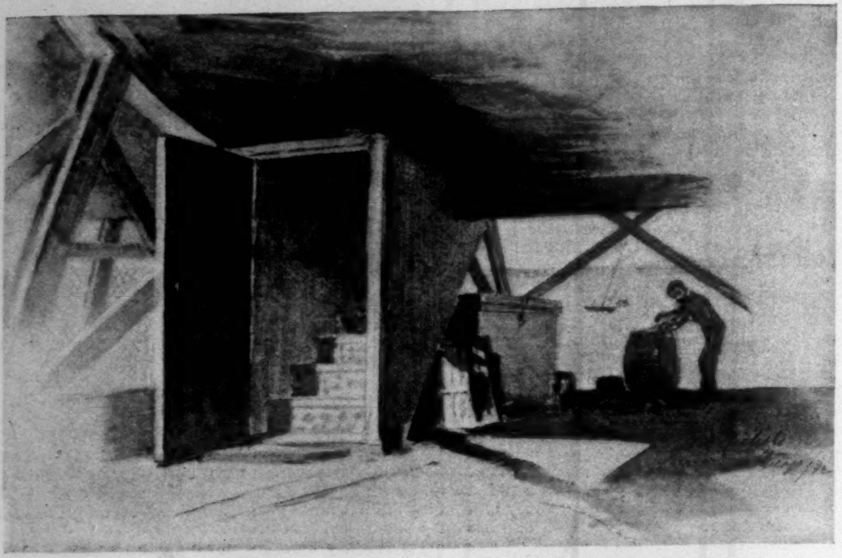
"I can't! I can't!"

"Then I will for you."

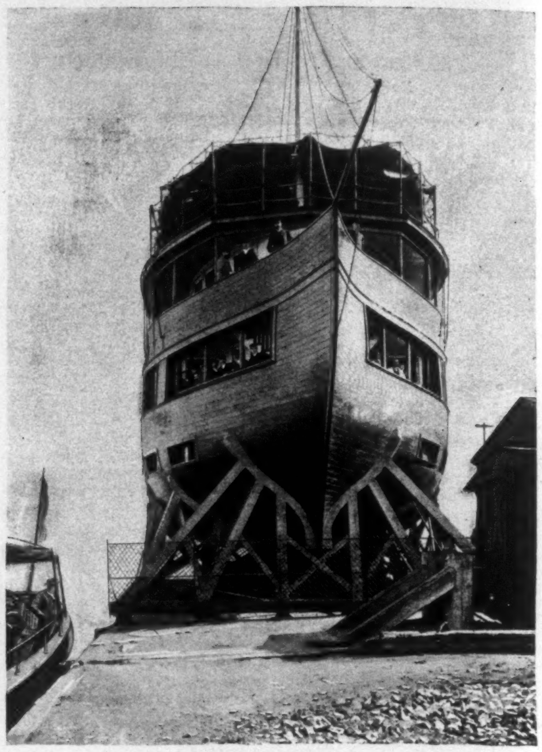
The rowers in the boat saw him lean foward; they heard two pistol-shots; they saw him double himself across the tiller; and then, before the smoke had lifted, they found that they had something else to think of.

For at that instant the storm broke—one of those short sudden squalls which are common in those seas. The *Matilda* heeled over, her sails bellied out, she plunged her lee rail into a wave, and was off like a frightened deer. Jelland's body had jammed the helm, and she kept a course right before the wind, and fluttered away over the rising sea like a blown piece of paper. The rowers worked frantically, but the yawl still kept ahead, and in five minutes it had plunged into the storm wrack, never to be seen again by mortal eye. The boat put back and reached Yokohama, with the water washing half-way up to the thwarts.

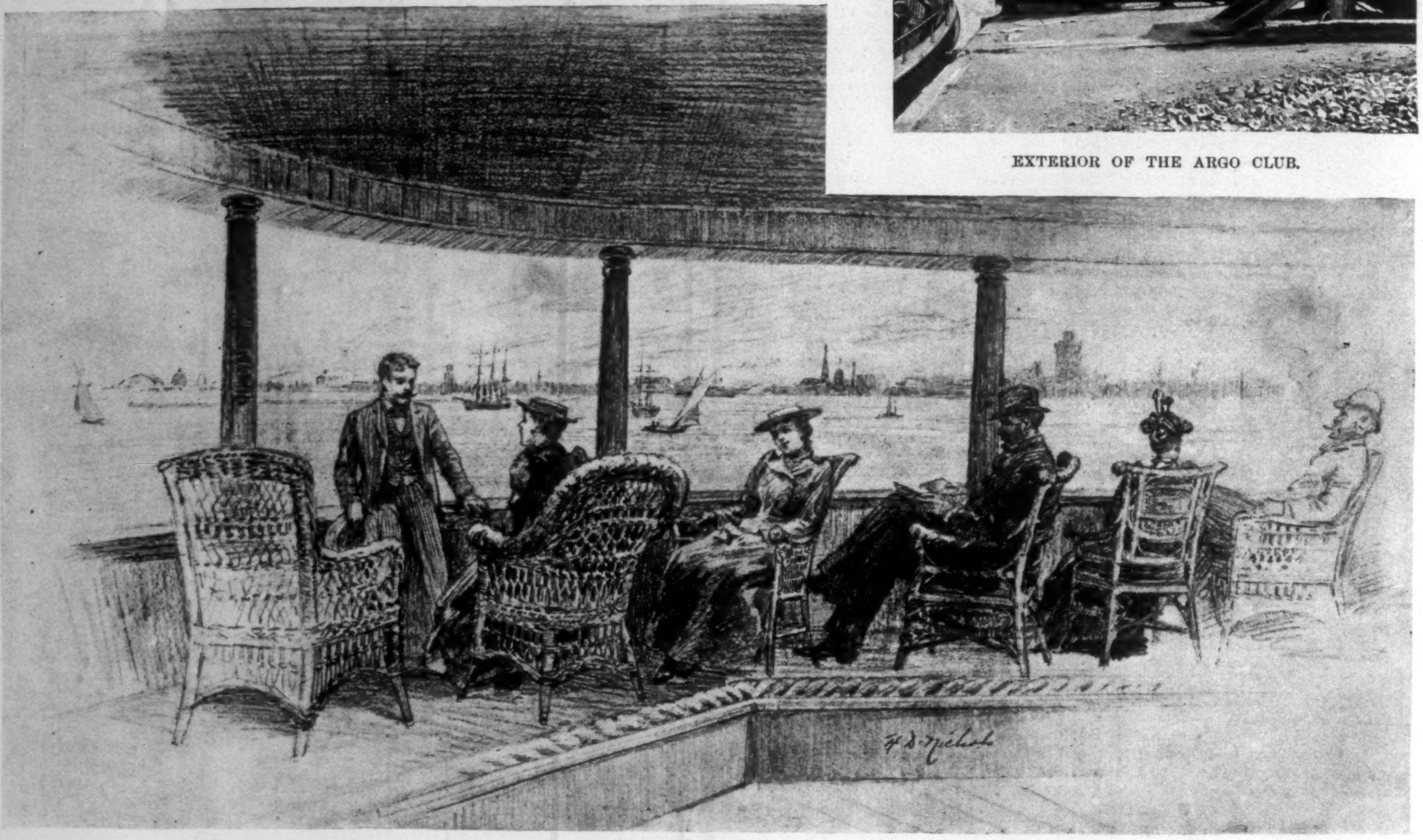
And that was how it came that the yawl *Matilda*, with a cargo of five thousand pounds and a crew of two dead young men, set sail across the Pacific Ocean. What the end of Jelland's voyage may have been no man knows. He may have foundered in the gale, or he may have been picked up by some canny merchantman who stuck to the bullion and kept his mouth shut, or he may still be cruising in that vast waste of waters, blown north to the Bering Sea or south to the Malay Islands. It's better to leave it unfinished than to spoil a true story by inventing a tag to it.



ENTRANCE TO THE ARGO CLUB, FOOT OF RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.



EXTERIOR OF THE ARGO CLUB.



ON THE VERANDA-DECK OF THE ARGO.

DINING-ROOM OF THE ARGO.

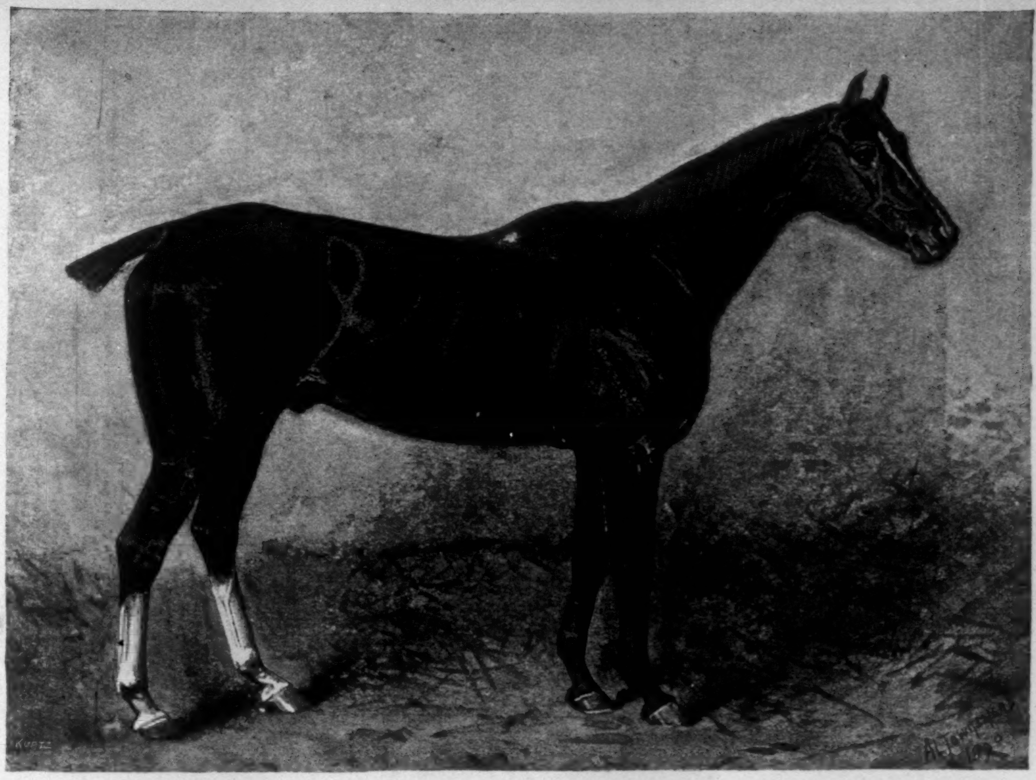
THE ARGO CLUB, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.—[SEE PAGE 1091.]

THE HUNTER.

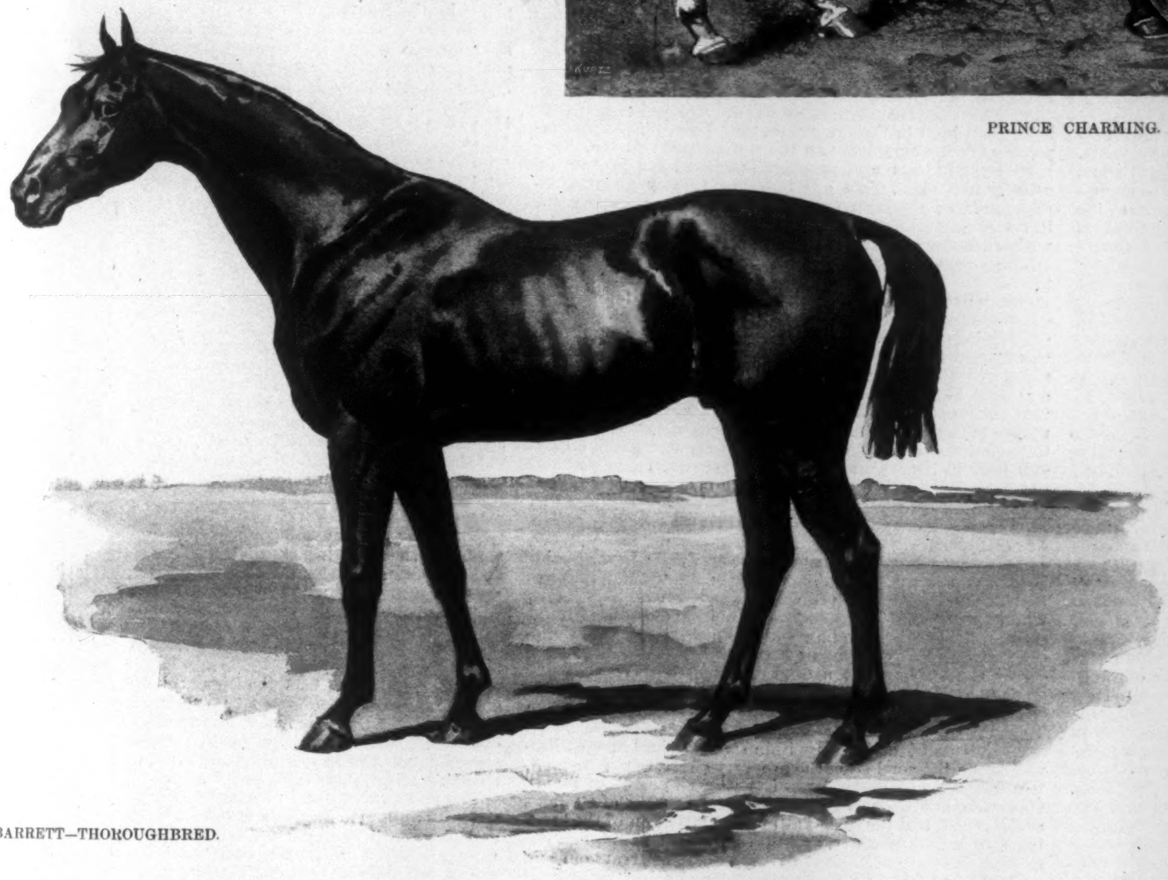
BY H. L. HERBERT.

As the non-riding man who wears a covert coat and a hunting-hat string is often mistaken for a sportsman, so also is the tan-bark jumper which performs to perfection within the arena often mistaken for a hunter. There are so many requirements in addition to his ability to jump, which the most expert examination would fail to detect, that the desirable hunter can only be thoroughly known by experience with him in the field and with hounds.

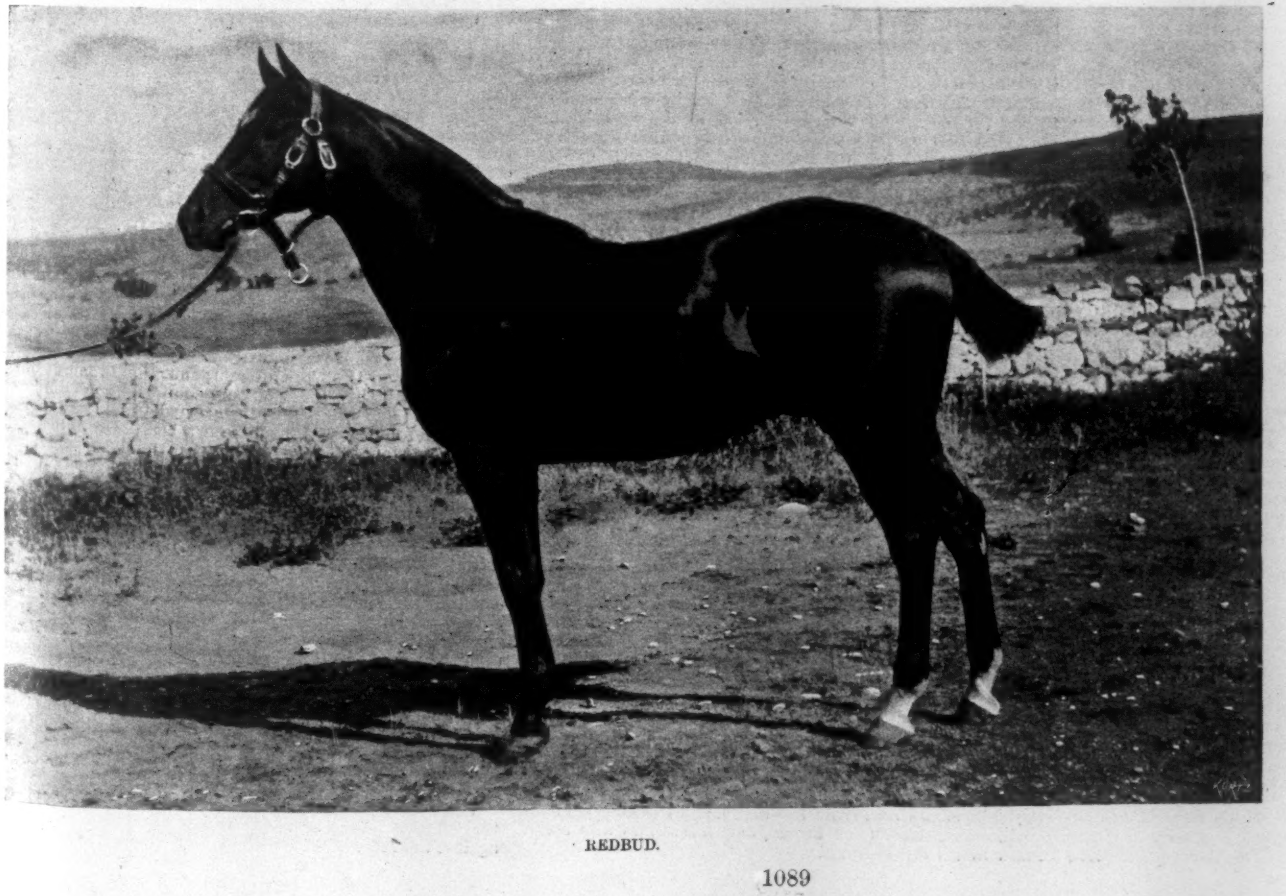
The horse may have conformation and quality, and he may be able to jump and to do the distance, and still be almost useless as a hunter, if it happens that he is rattle-headed; he becomes crazed with the excitement of hounds running in front and horses galloping on all sides. There are now a number of such horses which are regularly exhibited at the horse shows and jumping contests as hunters and high jumpers, and they are most perfect performers in the arena, but quite unmanageable in the field. An expert horseman may, with the greatest skill, pilot them through a fast run over a lug country without mishap, but sooner or later the rattle-brained nag will take off too soon, or will jump wildly, regardless of consequence, and come to grief on the landing side. He is almost sure to be a puller, and nothing can more thoroughly spoil the pleasure of a day with hounds than the crazy brute which keeps his rider in constant fear of killing a hound or perhaps his warmest friend who happens to point for the same panel, perhaps the only negotiable place, a little in front of him. To be sure, there are many good ring jumpers that are equally good in the field, and only a few of the best performers in the field can be made to face the obstacles in the riding-school or horse-show ring.



PRINCE CHARMING.



BARRETT—THOROUGHBRED.

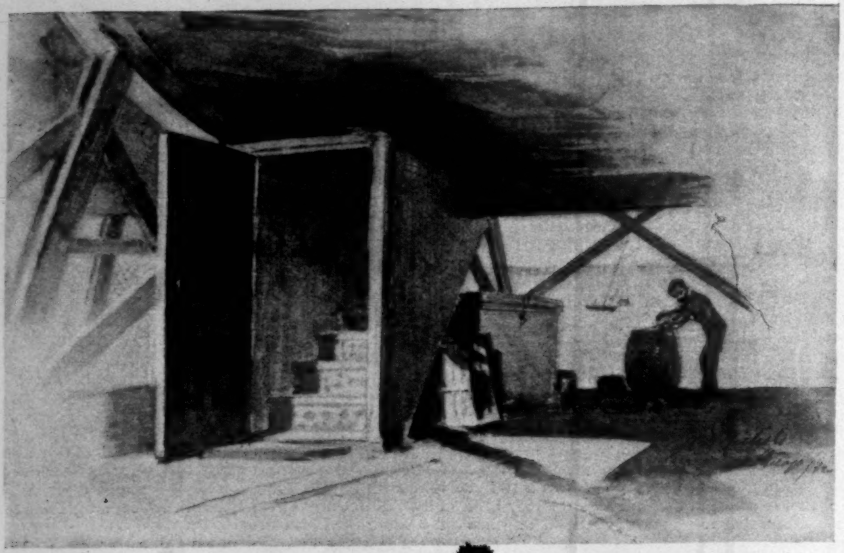


REDBUD.

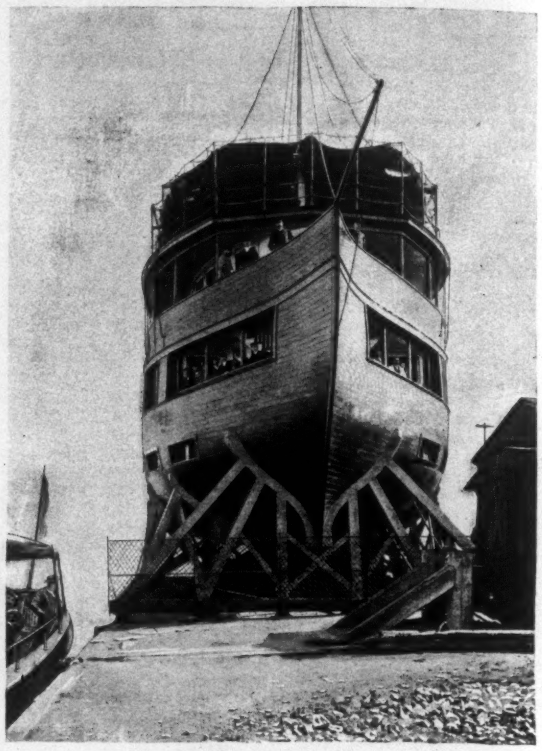
Therefore the first and most important requirement in a horse for cross-country work is the intelligence which enables him to keep a comparatively level head under the exciting conditions of the chase, to calculate his distance, and jump with hocks under him and his knees well up, all of which practice greatly improves and prolonged experience almost perfects. The second point for consideration is the conformation of the shoulders, which should be broad and prominent at the points nearest the chest, and running up and back at a decided angle, narrowing wedgelike to the point nearest the withers, a deep girth, short, strong, closely ribbed back, with loins and quarters altogether compact, if he is expected to carry weight. It is truly said that hunters come in all shapes, and Hewitt, the stud groom of the Meadowbrook Club stables, has often said that he has seen many poor performers across country with good shoulders, but never a first-class performer with straight or loaded shoulders.

Thus far in this article the horse suited to Long Island and other post-and-rail country only has been considered, and the views of the men who hunt there vary much as to pace and form of jumping. Where there is good grass galloping and clean timber fences, where the take-off and landing can be clearly seen, the horse which gallops freely between his fences, and checks his headway within two or three strides of the fence, and with his hind legs well under him props over, is probably the most popular. There are, however, a certain number of men who will ride only thoroughbreds, and who prefer the long and strong striding-horse, which increases his pace as he nears the fence and jumps it in his stride. Such a horse is pretty sure to fall oftener than the one which props, but the risk of injury to the rider is less in event of a fall, owing to the momentum which sends him well away, with scarcely a possibility of being rolled on or trampled by the horse in his efforts to regain a footing. Whilst the rider runs less risk of a fall with the propping-horse, he is much harder to sit when jumping, and when a mistake is made, as must occasionally happen, the risk is greater of the rider being rolled on. Consequently, the risk of injury is about the same between the horse which flies his jumps and the one which props over; the first may have a greater number of falls with less risk of injury, and with the other fewer falls with increased risk of injury.

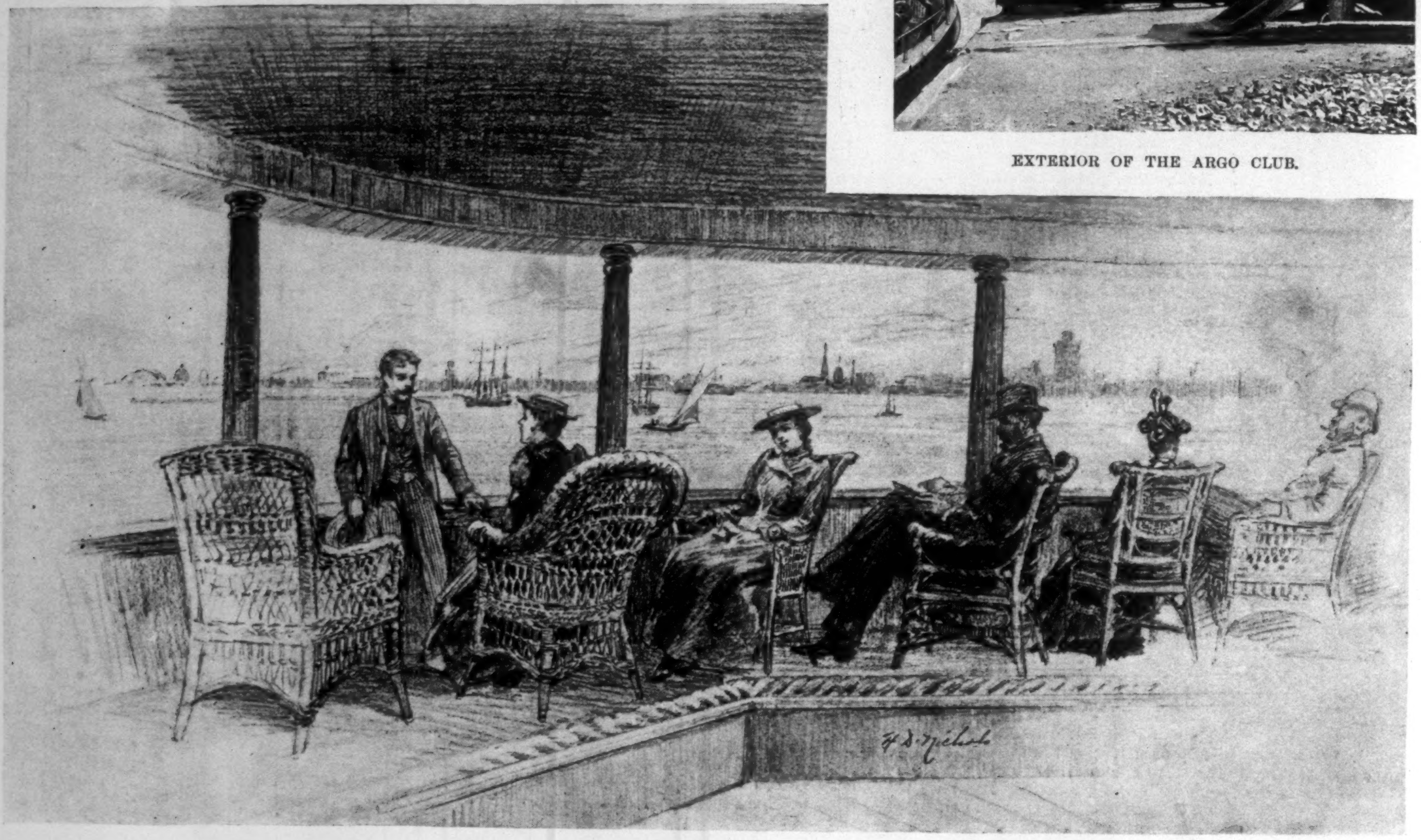
Hunting the fox with native hounds and scratch packs, as is the custom in the South and West, in which the riders do not attempt to keep the hounds in sight except at intervals during the run, has existed many generations in this country, and is one of the oldest sports known to Americans. In



ENTRANCE TO THE ARGO CLUB, FOOT [illegible] RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.



EXTERIOR OF THE ARGO CLUB.



ON THE VERANDA-DECK OF THE ARGO.

DINING-ROOM OF THE ARGO.

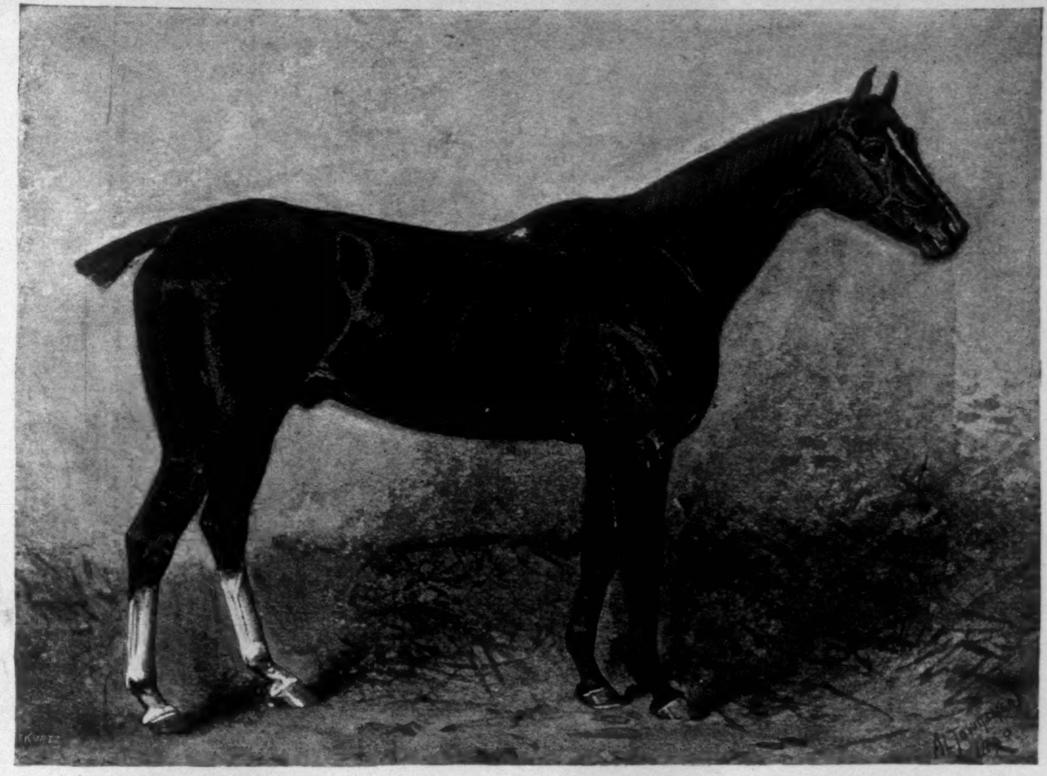
THE ARGO CLUB, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.—[SEE PAGE 1091.]

THE HUNTER.

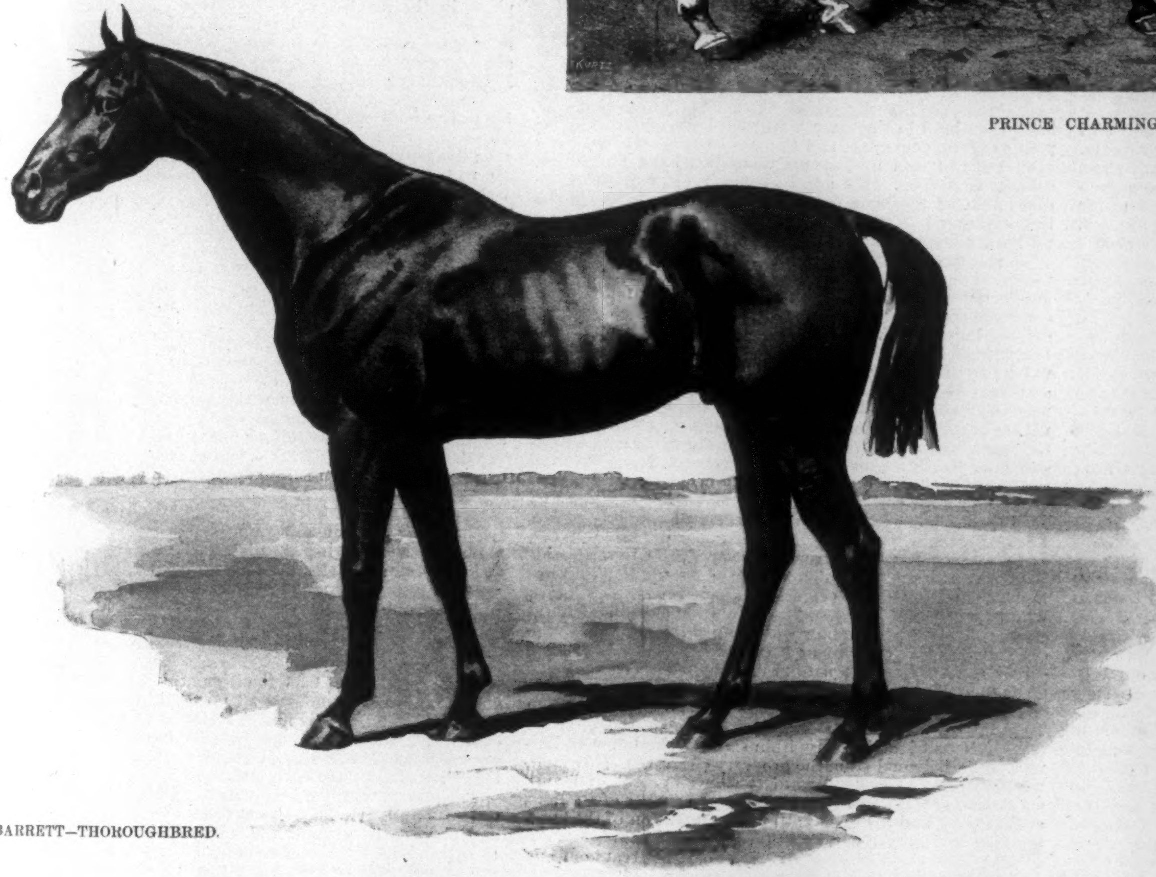
BY H. L. HERBERT.

As the non-riding man who wears a covert coat and a hunting-hat string is often mistaken for a sportsman, so also is the tan-bark jumper which performs to perfection within the arena often mistaken for a hunter. There are so many requirements in addition to his ability to jump, which the most expert examination would fail to detect, that the desirable hunter can only be thoroughly known by experience with him in the field and with hounds.

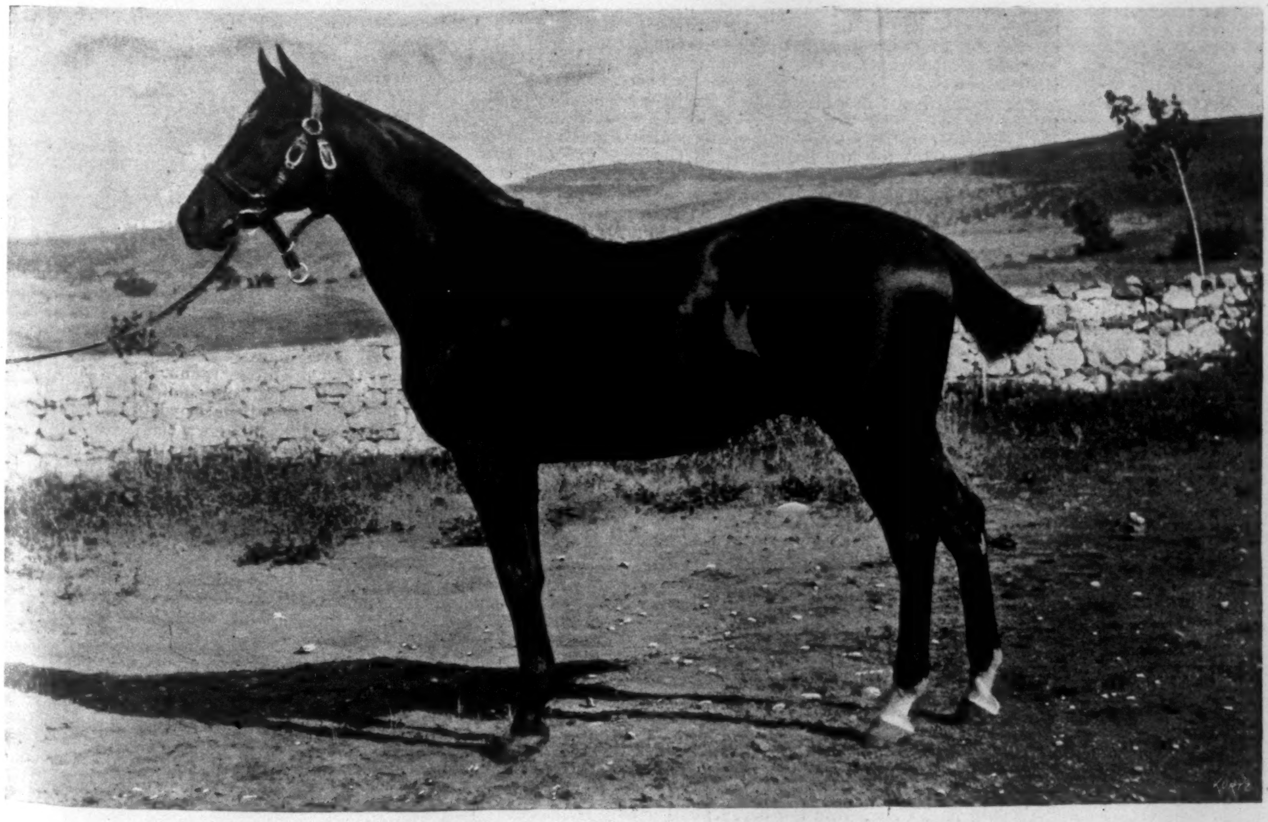
The horse may have conformation and quality, and he may be able to jump and to do the distance, and still be almost useless as a hunter, if it happens that he is rattle-headed; he becomes crazed with the excitement of hounds running in front and horses galloping on all sides. There are now a number of such horses which are regularly exhibited at the horse shows and jumping contests as hunters and high jumpers, and they are most perfect performers in the arena, but quite unmanageable in the field. An expert horseman may, with the greatest skill, pilot them through a fast run over a lug country without mishap, but sooner or later the rattle-brained nag will take off too soon, or will jump wildly, regardless of consequence, and come to grief on the landing side. He is almost sure to be a puller, and nothing can more thoroughly spoil the pleasure of a day with hounds than the crazy brute which keeps his rider in constant fear of killing a hound or perhaps his warmest friend who happens to point for the same panel, perhaps the only negotiable place, a little in front of him. To be sure, there are many good ring jumpers that are equally good in the field, and only a few of the best performers in the field can be made to face the obstacles in the riding-school or horse-show ring.



PRINCE CHARMING.



BARRETT—THOROUGHBRED.



REDBUD.

Therefore the first and most important requirement in a horse for cross-country work is the intelligence which enables him to keep a comparatively level head under the exciting conditions of the chase, to calculate his distance, and jump with hocks under him and his knees well up, all of which practice greatly improves and prolonged experience almost perfects. The second point for consideration is the conformation of the shoulders, which should be broad and prominent at the points nearest the chest, and running up and back at a decided angle, narrowing wedgelike to the point nearest the withers, a deep girth, short, strong, closely ribbed back, with loins and quarters altogether compact, if he is expected to carry weight. It is truly said that hunters come in all shapes, and Hewitt, the stud groom of the Meadowbrook Club stables, has often said that he has seen many poor performers across country with good shoulders, but never a first-class performer with straight or loaded shoulders.

Thus far in this article the horse suited to Long Island and other post-and-rail country only has been considered, and the views of the men who hunt there vary much as to pace and form of jumping. Where there is good grass galloping and clean timber fences, where the take-off and landing can be clearly seen, the horse which gallops freely between his fences, and checks his headway within two or three strides of the fence, and with his hind legs well under him props over, is probably the most popular. There are, however, a certain number of men who will ride only thoroughbreds, and who prefer the long and strong striding-horse, which increases his pace as he nears the fence and jumps it in his stride. Such a horse is pretty sure to fall oftener than the one which props, but the risk of injury to the rider is less in event of a fall, owing to the momentum which sends him well away, with scarcely a possibility of being rolled on or trampled by the horse in his efforts to regain a footing. Whilst the rider runs less risk of a fall with the propping-horse, he is much harder to sit when jumping, and when a mistake is made, as must occasionally happen, the risk is greater of the rider being rolled on. Consequently, the risk of injury is about the same between the horse which flies his jumps and the one which props over; the first may have a greater number of falls with less risk of injury, and with the other fewer falls with increased risk of injury.

Hunting the fox with native hounds and scratch packs, as is the custom in the South and West, in which the riders do not attempt to keep the hounds in sight except at intervals during the run, has existed many generations in this country, and is one of the oldest sports known to Americans. In

SHARPCATCHER.

the suburbs of Philadelphia and Baltimore a number of well-organized hunts have been maintained many years. They hunt the wild fox only, and ride well and hard when hounds are running, but the country is so difficult to negotiate that it is impossible to be in as close attendance to the hounds as in drag-hunting, which is laid in lines to avoid wire and impossible places. Drag-hunting (which should be more properly called riding cross country) was regularly established by that keen sportsman Joseph Donohue, aided by a number of younger enthusiasts—started in a small way about fifteen years ago near Hackensack, New Jersey. It was soon found that the soil of Long Island was better suited to the sport, and a move was made in that direction. With one or two exceptions, that little band of pioneers are still at it, and two of them now bear the title of M.F.H. More and better-disciplined hounds have been imported, and now there are three established packs on Long Island, one in Essex County, New Jersey, and one in Westchester County, New York—all within a radius of twenty-five miles of New York city.

Progress in the popularity of the sport has been somewhat slow, owing mainly to the difficulty in procuring horses of the necessary qualifications to negotiate the formidable stone-wall and post-and-rail fences of the country. There is scarcely ever a gate to let one in or out of the enclosures, and there is no way of getting over the country except to jump the obstacles as you find them. Whereas in England, where the sport is most popular, and where the fields number from one hundred to one thousand people at each meet, every enclosure has its accommodating gates for entrance and exit, which are made free use of by about three-quarters of the number, who do not at all times care to indulge in the hard galloping and big jumping necessary to keep them in close attendance upon the hounds. In a letter from a member of the Meadowbrook Club, now hunting from Rugby, mention is made of a day with the Pytchley hounds, in which eight hundred people turned out to hunt and two hundred second mounts were there, making one thousand horses in the field. The sentiment of the populace is also in sympathy with the sport and all things pertaining to it. The upper classes make it a part of their existence and occupation. Social arrangements are made with reference to it, and the man or woman who does not hunt nor discuss hunting is not in touch with the popular sentiment. Whereas with us the sport has been derided, and ridicule has been hurled at the so-called aniseseed bag by those who have no possible knowledge of the exhilarating and manly pleasures of riding cross country. Drag-hunting has proved to be better suited than natural hunting to the conditions of the country and the customs of the people in the immediate vicinity of New York. To ride well and hard with hounds can only be done by those who are in good physical and mental condition, and the sport can be recommended as an antidote for many ills. It is a healthy exercise calculated to invigorate both mind and body. Riding easily over a few fences, as in larking, is quite different from taking a long succession at speed as you may chance to find them in your line.

The number of men of leisure is limited, and the little time which those in business can devote to it has made it necessary to adopt the form which insures the exhilarating gallop without the time required to hunt in the natural way. The fashion of the sport matters but little, so that the benefits pertaining thereto are secured. Now it is possible to leave New York as late as 3.30 P.M., get to a point twenty miles away, and have a ride which will furnish excitement and sensations worth the effort, if one can keep the hounds in sight and be with them at the finish. All of this can be done, and return to town at a comfortable hour for dinner.

The greater number of our best hunters have been bred in Canada, where they are many years in advance of us in the matter of breeding for the purpose, and as they are schooled in a manner suited to our country, many of them have been brought to this section as hunters and saddle-horses.

The early attempts to procure suitable horses from England failed in nearly every instance, owing to the selection (and at very long prices) of performers well known in the shires, that had been schooled and ridden to race at the obstacles, and to plough their knees through the tops of the high hedges, all of which is the only safe and suitable way there, where you are sure of a ditch on one side, and oftentimes on both. But when the same horses, from force of habit, going in the same form, would take liberties with their knees at our stiff posts and rails, it was pretty sure to result disastrously.

The later importations have been chosen from young unschooled Irish-bred horses of the highest quality and conformation, and as their dams and sires for many generations have been bred in the same way, they have all the requirements except education, and the few of this sort that have been brought over and properly handled have proved absolutely first class. We are, however, rapidly growing independent of the high prices and the risks attending the importation of Irish and Canadian horses by the breeding which is actively going on in many parts of the country.

The horse shows of New York, Boston, Chicago, and other places, and the establishment of an annual fair at Mount Morris, Livingston County, New York, which takes place early in September, exclusively for the showing and sale of driving-horses and hunters, have done much to encourage the breeding of horses. There is no place more worthy of patronage by those who wish to purchase well-bred and useful animals. Most of the breeding-farmers are sportsmen. They ride their young horses with hounds, while the diversified nature of the country and the fences are particularly adapted to the education of the hunter. There are many of the right sort bred in New York, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and in the far West. We have only lately been enabled to boast of distinct strains. Barrett, the famous son of imported Bonnie Scotland and Sue Walton, when the property of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, was the winner of many important races, and was considered at one time the fastest horse in the world. He is now owned by Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., and has been located about six years at Mount Morris, New York, where he has established such a reputation as a sire of hunters that the Barretts are now widely known as natural jumpers, and are already selling at fancy prices. Since his racing career Barrett has won a total of seventeen firsts, and five medals, and sweepstake prices; also seven first prizes as stallion for getting hunters. He is the sire of Red Barron Tristan.

Near Mount Morris, and within sight of the home of Barrett, is the Belwood stud, the property of Mr. S. S. Howland, who has done so much toward the development of manly sports and sportsmanship. There are a number of stallions at Bellwood, and the one to attract the attention of the hunting men is Sharpcatcher, by Luther, a son of Lexington, out of Maratina by Flatcatcher. He is a horse of great bone and substance, and is kept exclusively as a sire of hunters. It was through the performances of his son Ontario, the first horse in America to make a clean record over seven feet of timber with weight up, that Mr. Howland purchased Sharpcatcher and a number of his get. The wisdom of his choice has been demonstrated in the performances of Woodstock, Guelph, Sweetheart, and many other prize-winners.

Many high-class thoroughbred stallions have been taken to the far West, and we may expect in the near future horses of the required quality and conformation from that source. Redbud, by Tom Boling, out of Oleander, one of the handsomest horses ever bred in America, himself a natural jumper and good performer with the Meadowbrook hounds before going into the stud, is now doing service at the Diamond Ranch, Wyoming, and his get, still too young for development, are highly promising. It has been demonstrated that the prairie-bred horse, not having been reared in a fenced enclosure, and from necessity always on the alert to protect himself from a fall in the blind places and prairie-dog holes of the plains, will acquire safe jumping form sooner and with less schooling than the one which has been surrounded all his life by a formidable fence, and which he has learned to look upon as a protection, and a comfortable thing to rub against and scratch his sides. When ridden at it, he has less fear of rapping it, whilst the Westerner will get well up over it, as something he fears to touch.

THE HOMEWARD-BOUND PENNANT.

THE old-fashioned man-of-war has been ordered home from a foreign station, and her place has been taken by one of the new vessels. From the main of the departing ship flies the long home-bound pennant. Foreign service is over for the time, and the officers and crew rejoice, and count the days that must pass before they enter at the Golden Gate of the Pacific or the Narrows of New York Bay. It may be that the old ship goes home forever, to remain a historical figure in some navy-yard, or else to cruise alone in home waters. The new-comer, the flag-ship, lies at anchor, and as the home-bound vessel passes astern, the crews of the two ships exchange greetings by cheering, and the guns of the departing vessel salute the admiral's flag—though there isn't really a United States admiral afloat or ashore. Then the ship passes on across the ocean, and the long pennant curls and waves in the breeze, and the sailors who see it know that it means home.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

As the time for the great Thanksgiving day football match draws near, the reports from Princeton and New Haven, as to the physical condition of the players, become more and more alarming. The public should not be deceived by the sanguinary color of the various stories circulated by an unscrupulous daily press. The following special medical bulletins may be relied upon as entirely accurate, and may serve to reassure anxious partisans:

YALE'S CRIPPLES.

[*Special to the New York* ——.]

New Haven, November 17th.—It is useless to disguise the fact that the football team is badly broken up. Yale is always unfortunate in having players injured, and this year the prospect is gloomier than ever before. Bouncer, left guard, was publicly kicked on the shin in yesterday's practice, and some doubts are entertained as to his playing next Thursday. He feels that an apology is due him. The unfortunate affair has aroused some bitterness in football circles, and it is difficult to say what the outcome will be.

Slasher, right guard, who is the best rusher Yale ever had, is now in the City Hospital suffering from pleurisy, cerebro-spinal meningitis, nervous prostration, loco-motor ataxy, gout, inflammatory rheumatism, and typhoid-pneumonia. He expects to catch the cholera if he gets out in time, and he is already on intimate terms of acquaintance with all the popular germ diseases. He will probably enter the lecture field if he survives the game.

Crasher, left tackle, is rapidly turning into stone, and now weighs nearly 1000 pounds. He has to be assisted to his place in the line by a steam-derrick, but once there he stands like a stone wall, and the Princeton rushers will have some difficulty in breaking through him. He is now subsisting exclusively on rock and rye, and will undoubtedly be entirely ossified by November 24th.

Nipper, quarter back, has deteriorated in his work since his unfortunate accident a week ago, in which he lost both his arms. He now takes the ball from the snap back in his mouth, and does fairly well, but his passing is very uncertain. He tackles, however, beautifully, generally taking his man well down on the calf of the leg.

Pincher, left end, has had every bone in his body broken, and his work to-day was very limp and lifeless.

Smasher, centre, has fallen alarmingly in weight since he went into training, and now tips the scale at only twenty-four pounds. He may be obliged to play in his astral body, and in that case the Princeton centre should have but little difficulty in getting through him.

Bounder, right end, unfortunately had his head knocked off in the game with Wesleyan last Saturday. It has been replaced, but he is liable to lose it at critical points. As he is unable to find it again without assistance, this is apt to rattle him, and make him uncertain in his movements. As a precautionary measure he carries one ear in his pocket, but the time occupied in taking it out and consulting it whenever a signal is given seriously militates against his usefulness as a player.

Doubler, left half back, was cut in two by a circular saw the other day, and now plays in sections. The accident prevents him from giving his undivided attention to the play, and his game lacks steadiness. Doubler (upper) tackles very well, but runs miserably. Doubler (lower) gets around the end beautifully, but displays little or no head-work. The captain of the Princeton team will probably protest against Yale's playing Mr. Doubler unless he is regularly assigned to cover two positions.

Bucker, right half back, had his neck dislocated Monday, and the medical incompetent who set it left his head turned entirely around. This makes it difficult for Bucker to decide which way to run, and in the Amherst game he made several touch-downs against his own team. He is now practising running by the compass.

The case of Slogger, Yale's great full back, is perhaps the saddest of all. He has been unconscious since October 10th, and plays entirely under the influence of an electric battery manipulated by a substitute outside the line. Under a pressure of 300 volts he is doing some marvellous dodging, and his run of 105 yards through the entire University of Pennsylvania team was something phenomenal. He was being worked on an alternating current of 550 volts, and one might as well have tried to stop a flash of lightning. It is hoped that he may be restored to consciousness before long, it only to receive congratulations for the glorious work that he is doing for good old Yale.

It may be authoritatively stated that the following men will line up for Yale next Thursday—Slasher, Nipper, Crasher, Smasher, Banger, Doubler, Bucker, Pincher, Bouncer, Bounder, and Slogger.

PRINCETON BROKEN UP.

[*Special to the same paper.*]

Princeton, November 17th.—During the practice game today between the 'varsity and the scrub elevens, the football, which had been surreptitiously loaded with dynamite by a Harvard emissary, exploded with terrific force, and the entire Princeton team was blown to atoms. Medical aid was summoned, and the work of reorganization began at once. At the present time the teams are comfortably reclining on water-beds, and are eating their usual training dinner of corned-beef and pickled cabbage, washed down by a modicum of old stout. The doctors have certainly accomplished wonders, though there is some dissatisfaction from the fact that in the haste and confusion some of the players have been unfortunately mixed up. Captain Buffer has his own respiratory system, but he is wearing one leg belonging to Prancer and one of Thrasher's. Prancer's leg does very well, but Thrashers's is some three inches too long, and, moreover, was put on backward. This makes the gallant captain inclined to wabble in his gait. He has also been obliged to content himself with Wriggler's arms, which do not fit him at all, and he wears an ear marked "R," and popularly supposed to be the property of Jim Robinson. Indeed, there is some uncertainty as to Captain Buffer's actual identity, as Slammer, right guard, has both of Buffer's legs, one arm, and a large piece of the movable scalp. However, both of them have the deepest welfare of the college at heart, and this will undoubtedly prevent any unseemly rivalry which might imperil the chance of success.

The team will certainly be on hand next Thursday, and the "Tigers" may be relied upon to put up a stiff game against the blue.

W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

THE LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO.

BY M. A. LANE.

SINCE the city of Chicago was so fortunate as to secure the World's Columbian Exposition, that little bit of land called the "Lake Front" has become a famous affair. Many people outside of the happy residents of Chicago have a confusion of ideas with reference to the exact meaning of this term "Lake Front." Ordinarily the words would mean the front of a lake, but in this case it means only part of the front of a lake. In Chicago the remaining portion is perhaps more correctly called the lake shore. The Lake Front, then (and it has become a proper noun), is a part of the city that is as old as the city itself, and in many ways as interesting. Here it is:

A mile of ragged shore broken with piers and small docks; at its northern end tall warehouses and big buildings devoted to the wholesale merchandise trade. A great viaduct runs out here into the waters of Michigan, leading to a little peninsula on which are railroads, saw-mills, and storehouses. In the slips adjacent thereto are the waddling masts of yachts, schooners, and small boats. Directly south of this rise the flag-staffs of an armory and the quarters of a battery of militia, and kin to these, coming south, are the ruins and débris of a once powerful building of iron and glass, in which a national convention and exhibitions galore have been held, to wit, the Exposition Building. Chicago and Chicagoans conceive that they have outgrown local expositions as something altogether too small and provincial for a city that can draw people to its heart by the certain magnet and excellence of its own greatness. And for that reason the old Exposition Building, after a bitter fight in the courts, was ordered torn down and carted away. On its ruins, behind a high and ugly fence, is now arising the Chicago Art Institute—a noble palace of marble that will go far toward cultivating the art feeling of the metropolis of the West.

So much for the northern end of the Lake Front. From the southern boundary of the old Exposition Building to the southern boundary of the Lake Front itself sweeps away a stretch of green of good width and moderately good sod that is cut up with serpentine walks of gravel. This long narrow strip of green has for furniture some few wooden benches, and is called the Lake Front Park. To be a little exact, this strip of green *is* the Lake Front, or about all of that same that should have such a name.

Many years ago, before the most enthusiastic of Chicagoans dreamed that his city would grow up with such a fierce rapidity and attain a measure that seems to have been filled out by the power of some giant magician, a railroad obtained a grant of way along the shore of Lake Michigan, and laid its tracks along this line into the centre of the city. This franchise is the most valuable in the world. The road carries hundreds of thousands of local passengers in a single week, does a rarely large foreign passenger traffic, and has a vast bulk of freight business that works to and from the big railroad centre at the head of lake navigation. Doubtless the railroad has aided the city, as well as the city the railroad. There is no question as to the relation of railroad traffic to Chicago's growth. But if the city could in any way induce the railroad to pack up its trunk and its tracks and seek some other way of entrance within the gates, the city would feel the favor. And herein lies the disfigurement of this section of Chicago, which should in all fitness be the most picturesque and inviting part of the city. The railroad tracks form, with the water, the eastern boundary of the park. And the exquisite tints of this noble inland sea—coloring which, I have on the authority of the Hon. Burton C. Cook, of Illinois, is not seen on any other body of water on earth except the Mediterranean—are obscured and blotted out of view, for the most part, by the smoke of the engines. The place was evidently left for a parade and a park smoothly in lawn, and with flower-beds and pebbly walks and monuments here and there. The design should have had in mind three or four pleasure piers, and pretty little landings for boats and yachts and steamers, and a harbor in the lake for various craft. The latter is there, but beyond the long strip of green already mentioned, with the serpentine paths and the wooden benches, there is little for the eye or the ear except the smoke of the locomotives and the puffing and shrieking thereof.

At various times, and especially since the Columbian Exposition has been promoted, many devices have been offered whereby the Lake Front could be beautified. As it lies between Randolph or practically Madison Street on the north, and Twelfth Street on the south, the distance between these two points being one mile, it occupies one mile of space clear before the very portal and gateway of the city, these streets marking the middle of the town in its length. Many of the finest buildings and some of the richest hotels have their fronts upon it, and overlook the lake and the park. Its western boundary is Michigan Avenue, the fashionable boulevard of the wealthy South Side. So that it is clear that strong efforts have been made to relieve the site of the obnoxious railroad, with its smoking and puffing and shrieking and clanging. But no plan has been as yet proposed that seemed to suit the railroad. One engineer suggested to bury the tracks in an underground tunnel, but the expense of this scheme was of too vast proportions, and the road is there yet.

Among the well-known buildings of the city that face the lake at this its central portion are the Auditorium, the Pullman Building, the Leland, Richelieu, and Victoria hotels, the new palace of the Chicago Athletic Association, and the brownstone structure that was formerly used as the Museum of Fine Arts, but is now being remodelled within for occupancy by the Chicago Club. The new art institute is being built on the eastern side of the avenue, and will not front on the lake. If at any time in the future the indomitable energy of Chicago triumphs by one method or another over the riparian rights of the Illinois Central Railroad, and induces that corporation to sink its tracks and locomotives and freight cars out of sight, the art palace will be surrounded by appropriate beauty of landscape and urban scenery.

There are two features of interest on the Lake Front. The first is found in the excursion boats that ply between the city and Jackson Park on the south and Lincoln Park on the north. In the early months of the summer and spring the masters of several small passenger steamers sailed their boats around to the little park, tied up to one permanent and two or three floating docks, and announced their willingness to transport passengers to the World's Fair grounds for the small consideration of one quarter of one dollar. They did a thriving business at first, and put down their cargoes within the enclosure of the fair grounds. At that time passes from the directors were necessary for admission, and as the people delivered by these boats were not furnished with the paper, the fair grounds police attempted to arrest one of the boats' masters. This able mariner piped all hands on deck, informed the police sergeant and his minions that he (the captain) and his crew happened to be on United States waters, and that, if any city police cared to interfere, these city police would do so at their own risk and peril.

The stand taken by the captain was a notable one; he had fire in his eye, and his hearties were a stout set indeed, and, furthermore, they were on their own ship, which had to be boarded before trouble could possibly begin; and in addition to all that, the matter about the United States waters (ominous words), and "own risk and peril," seemed to cool the ardor of police feeling, and the sergeant called his men away. After that the steamers had their way for a time, until the directors of the fair sold out the exclusive privilege of landing passengers from the lake within the grounds to a company, and the ships' masters were beaten. Then the Mayor of the town attempted to drive them away from their docks at the Lake Front, but their resistance here was fierce. And now the exclusive company's boats and the privateers (marked sympathetically thus, "No Monopoly Line") divide the trade. The private vessels land their passengers at the northern end of Jackson Park. The solicitations of the rival boat-owners to the unwary visitor at the Lake Front who looks as if he wanted to take a ride on the lake, are about as cordial and courteous as those of a clothing-dealer in Chatham Street.

The other feature of interest on the Lake Front is found in the gentlemen of leisure who repose in refreshing slumber on the grass of the park during the day, and who wander forth at night seeking—what you will. These industrious persons have of late taken to sand-bagging and robbing wayfarers in the cool of the evening on the main drive. Indeed, the Chicago police are at present puzzled by the frequency of these crimes of the highway, and extra aid has been given to that quarter of the town. It is hard to say whether the railroad or the sleepers make up the most disagreeable aspect of the Lake Front, but it is probable that both will be conquered in time.

It was the original intention of the Columbian Exposition stockholders to build the fair structures on this site, but the idea was abandoned, as the space was considered too limited.

"THE DEADLY TROLLEY."

THE recent action of the New York Board of Aldermen in granting to the Metropolitan Traction Company what practically amounts to unrestricted franchises, under which the company may, if it likes, equip certain of its lines with the trolley, has aroused a very general interest in and an almost unqualified condemnation of the system among New-Yorkers. The agitation of the question calls renewed attention to the wonderful extension of the system since the first electric road having overhead wires was put into successful operation in Richmond, Virginia, in 1888, by Frank J. Sprague, the inventor of the trolley.

The history of electric street railway for the last five years is that of almost unequalled development. The figures showing the growth of the system are interesting. At the close of last year there were in this country 10,599 miles of street railway, with 55,877 cars. Of these, 4061 miles were electric, and 8892 cars were electric. The total of horse, cable, and electric mileage had increased, during the year 1891, 1490 miles, but electricity standing by itself had increased 1538 miles. The total of horse, cable, and electric cars had increased during the year 3826 cars. Of this number 3300 were propelled by electricity. There were at the end of the year seven times as many miles of electric road as of cable, and almost twice as many electric cars as there were cable-cars. There were at the end of the year something over 400 electric roads in operation in America. Last March it was estimated that of the sixteen cities in the United States having over 200,000 inhabitants, fourteen, or 87 per cent., were equipped with electric roads. Of the forty-two cities having between 50,000 and 200,000 inhabitants, forty-one, or 97½ per cent., had electric roads. Of the remaining 391 cities with a population of over 8000 it is said that there are not a score that have not electric roads, or are not preparing to introduce the system. Since March every one of the larger cities referred to as the exceptions in the above percentages have fallen into line with the formal approval of this comparatively new method of rapid transit. The investment to date is said to reach over $100,000,000.

In spite of this very general adoption of the electric system of transit throughout the country, the advocates of the trolley are obliged to confess that there is only one road in operation—that in Washington—which is properly equipped. In large cities, they say, one condition should be insisted upon when franchises are granted by the authorities, and that if this condition is complied with, much of the objection to an overhead system would disappear. The company holding the franchise should be compelled to make the construction of the very best. It is declared that the only overhead wire necessary is the contact wire, which need not be more than one-third of an inch in diameter; that the main conductors and feeders should be put underground, in proper conduits. In broad streets where the tracks occupy only a small portion of the street, and are near together, a line of poles, ornamental in design, as is the case in Washington, and not less than one hundred and fifty feet apart, and with arms projecting on either side, could follow the centre of the street, and could be utilized for electric lighting.

But, as the roads are usually constructed, the popular objection to the overhead system is by no means without reason, since it is dangerous to life and property, and an eyesore which is only equalled by the elevated road structures in New York city. Corporations are proverbially "soulless," and when they see an opportunity of cutting down their operating expenses from 30 to 50 per cent., they are not likely to develop sufficient conscience to resist the temptation, so long as they are granted the privileges which they ask or demand without having the slightest restrictions placed upon their actions. However, it would appear from Mr. William C. Whitney's letter to Mayor Grant, in which he declares authoritatively that the Metropolitan Company has no intention of introducing the trolley so long as there is any popular objection to it, that the citizens of New York will have to wait for an opportunity of seeing what Dr. Holmes calls "A Broomstick Train." In that little poem the Autocrat says:

"On many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;
On every stick there's a witch astride.
The string you see to her leg is tied.
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful hand,
And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
As for the hag, you can't see her,
But hark, you can hear her black cat's purr,
And now and then, as the train goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.
Often you've looked on the rushing train,
But just what moved it is not so plain.
It couldn't be those wires above,
For they could neither pull nor shove.
Where was the motor that made it go?
You couldn't guess, but now you know."

DWIGHT WHITNEY BOWLES.

CHICAGO'S ARGONAUTS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ONE of the most peculiar buildings in Chicago has remained unseen and unheard of by most of the recent visitors to that city. It is at once a boat and a house, or a house in the form of a boat, and it stands high and dry far out in the lake, on the end of what I believe is the longest wharf on that water front. It is the club-house of the Argonaut Club, and the boat itself is called the *Argo*. From Mr. George S. Willits, one of the members and an influential citizen, I obtained a short account of the founding of the club on the occasion of a visit to the ship. I cannot, however, feel positive that every detail remains accurate in my memory. On a Sunday in August, 1890, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, the president of the Illinois Central Railroad, invited a party of ladies and gentlemen to go to a small resort on his railroad for what he called, very temptingly, "a quiet Sunday under the trees."

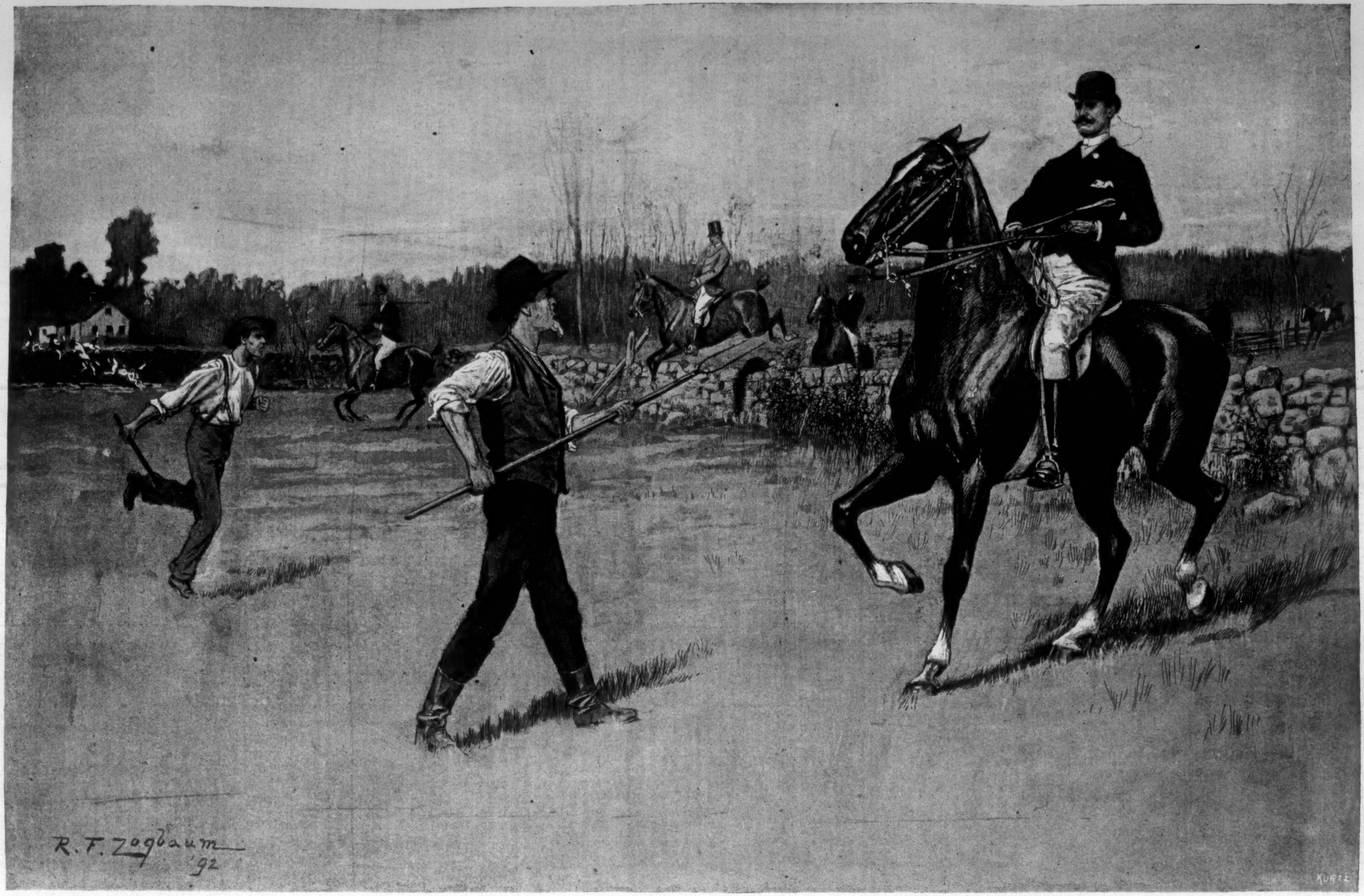
It was frightfully hot in Chicago, it was blindingly hot in the car, and it was even hotter still in the country. On the return to the city six of the men of the party, Charles Deering, Stuyvesant Fish, J. Henry Norton, Charles B. Macdonald, Frederic Eames, and Mr. Willits, dined together at the Chicago Club. They talked of the peculiar fact that though the great cool lake (Michigan) reached all along the east side of the city, there seemed no way to enjoy it. The Illinois Central tracks cut off the lake front on the south side, and the north side was not convenient. Worse yet, if there were yachts and a boat-house at the command of the party, there would be no place to which to sail, since there are no near-by watering resorts on Lake Michigan. The majority of the watering-places frequented by Chicagoans are upon the beautiful inland lakes, which reach in almost a continuous chain into British America from a starting-point quite close to Chicago.

At last Mr. Fish suggested that possibly a place for a small house or landing-barge could be made at the end of the Illinois Central Railway's pier, which is opposite and close to the very heart of the business district of the city, and is approached by means of a viaduct over the railway tracks. All the gentlemen visited the end of the pier, and then leased and took possession of it. A visit to the Building Department was paid by one of the best-beloved men in the circle, Mr. John W. Root, the architect, since deceased. He was the partner of Mr. Burnham, who is at the head of the World's Fair Construction Bureau, and who is also an Argonaut. Mr. Root was told that the Building Department of the city could not authorize the construction of a wooden building.

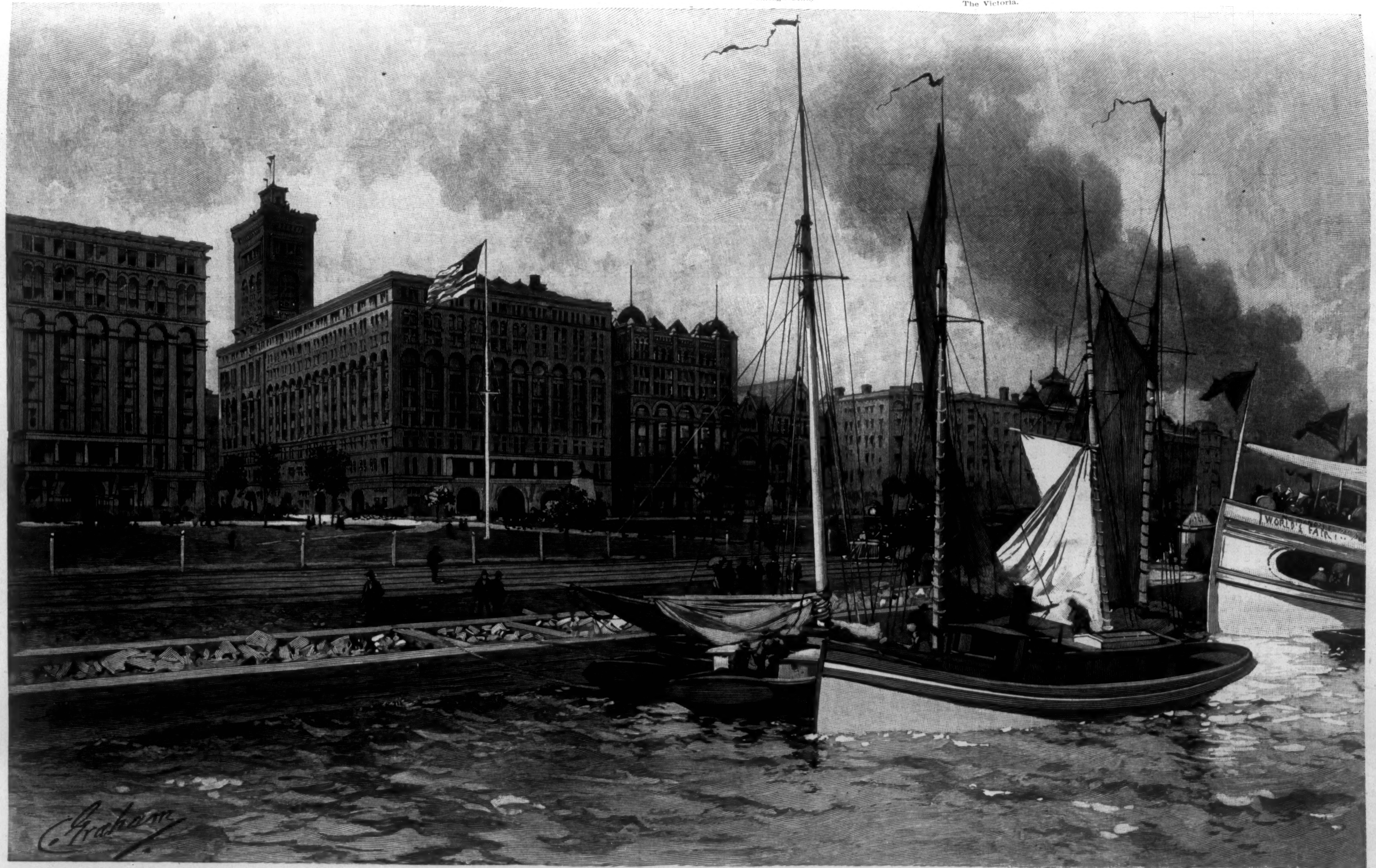
Being a genius, Mr. Root turned his attention to the building of a ship which could be launched, but in all likelihood never will be. The fanciful and romantic disposition of Mr. Charles Deering led him to suggest the name "Argonaut" for the club, the name "Argo" for the house or ship, and the limit of 51 for the membership, to tally with the number some accounts give of the mythical crew of the earlier *Argo*. All this was agreed on and carried out, and since June 1, 1891, the queer-looking boat has stood on the pier's end, apparently on ways and ready to slide into the lake. It has rather ancient lines, being very short and very deep, but this gives room for two tall stories, with a roomy deck under awnings on top of all, with ample ports on the sides and an open end to the after main-deck, where chairs are always kept, and a southward view is had—though, of course, the superb view in all directions is from the awning-covered hurricane-deck.

The boat is so situated that all the shipping of the port floats by it, both coming and going, and while it is more than half a mile out in the lake, it is sheltered by the government piers that form the outer harbor or refuge, so that however stormy and rough the lake itself may be, the sailors of the club have a safe and quiet expanse of water over a mile long by half a mile wide to sail in. The club owns a one-hundred-foot steam-yacht built by the Herreshoffs. The membership is full, no one being or having been eligible unless he was a member of the Chicago Club, the oldest and wealthiest social organization in town. The Governors of the Argonauts are the founders; Charles Deering is Commodore (or President), and F. H. Ray is Purser (or Secretary). The boat has every convenience, including a handsome dining-saloon and several state-rooms or sleeping apartments. Meals are served on board, and ladies are invited on Tuesdays and Fridays.

THE ARGONAUT CLUB'S STEAM-YACHT.



AT BAY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.



THE LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 1091.]

THE FISHERIES EXHIBIT AT THE COLUMBIAN FAIR.

The saying, repeated by Franklin, that "He who takes a fish out of the sea gains a bit of gold," has been substantiated in some extended sense by every such illustration as was to be given of the fisheries of the nation which acknowledges owing itself in part to his wisdom. In the retrospective estimate of persons with great knowledge in this direction, and who are most alert regarding the consequence of the fishing industry to the American welfare, these efforts are ranked as having been disproportionately limited, although a valuable national interest has been represented with advantage by such means at different times, as when the first honors were conceded to the American displays in this department in the international exhibitions at Berlin and London. The contrast with this attested meagreness in past arrangements which is to issue in the final development of the magnificent plan of the Fisheries Exhibit in the World's Fair at Chicago will be wide enough at any rate to gratify the most ambitious wish for this department.

The group of buildings designed especially to contain this great exhibit of domestic and foreign fisheries is of considerable architectural distinction. In its main features this structure had its stamp primarily from the peculiar configuration of the island in the lagoon, at the northern part of Jackson Park, assigned as the site. By the arrangement of the building in three parts it is made to conform roughly in the ground-plan to the outline of this piece of earth, which, in being compared to a bow, a crescent, or a "hump-backed banana," is not described with absolute exactness, although no better suggestion of its shape may be given. Two smaller polygonal buildings are connected by curved arcades with the main building at either end, in such a position that a straight line could not be drawn through the length of the mass, from one extremity to the other, to divide regularly or equally at the centre the main building and the other parts. The length of the entire edifice is 1100 feet, with an extreme width of 200 feet.

The selection of the Spanish-Renaissance style for this piece of architecture is approved as most appropriate, and in a double degree in view of the success with which this single example of the kind in the exhibition series is presented. The building forms a generally pleasing contrast to the others on the exposition grounds, with its unique decoration and warmth of color, similar to that of the interior coloring of Cordova Cathedral, with archivolts picked out in red on a dull buff ground, and with marine blue as the color of the roof. The rich ornament applied, according to the design of the architect, Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, in different series of sea forms, is of original and satisfactory conception. The building is erected at a cost of $350,000, and shows good construction, with brown-stone walls beneath the roof of old Spanish tile.

The main central structure, 450 feet long and 150 feet wide, will contain that prominent division of the exhibit which illustrates commercial fishing and fish-culture, with the apparatus used in the different branches of these industries. The circular building eastward, next the lake shore, is planned to receive the living specimens of fish and other forms of aquatic life. The western building, of corresponding form, will be used for the complete angling exhibit, to which much general enthusiasm is likely to be directed in aiding the collection. The location of the special exhibit of the United States Fish Commission will be in the Government Building, directly opposite to the centre of the main Fisheries Building, from which this is reached by a bridge across the ornamental lagoon. The illustration of the work and functions of the national fisheries organization, having its beginning in 1871, is to comprise fish-culture and fisheries—exclusive of live fish—in addition to the scientific exploration directed from this source, with results already important, as now shown.

An interesting historical exhibit in two series will be disposed in this section and in the great central hall of the Fisheries Building as a part of the large collection of models and full-sized specimens of various types of boats and vessels engaged in the fisheries. About thirty models of fishing vessels will illustrate the evolution of the fishing craft from 1626 to this year of grace for the presentation of history; these are worked up from the architects' plans, and the rigged models are completed according to the sailors' plans, a point considered as important as the construction. A collection of drawings, paintings, etc., will be added, with the rigged and sectional models, and different kinds of plans. The typical architectural series is to begin with the ancient form of the *Sparrow-hawk* that was driven ashore by a gale in Barnstable Bay, where in 1865, after having been buried for more than two centuries, this old-time craft was unearthed to add another light to the perpetual torch procession of history. Such types as the Burgess craft *Fredonia* will fill out the scale at the more modern end. The forms called snows and ketches were some of the early types of fishing craft. The first marked improvement in the American fishing vessels was the invention of the schooner rig early in the eighteenth century, and the second event of consequence in the history of the nation's fishing fleet was the change from blunt to clipper schooners, in which again recent important modifications have been made.

A full series of small boats will illustrate the varied types from the Esquimau kayak to the elaborately finished and sometimes magnificently fitted pleasure boats, constructed with all possible working perfection and elegance. The construction of vessels is to be illustrated in representations of ship-yards, boat manufactories, and tools by means of specimens, models, and photographs. A synoptical series of fishing apparatus of the principal types, from the primitive forms used by the Indians and Esquimaux to the highest specialized types developed for angling, will be presented in models and other varieties of illustration. The models of fishermen will be a striking feature, and some of these are to be shown on full-sized specimens or sections of vessels and boats, with their apparatus, to illustrate special fisheries or fishery operations.

With the general principles of the law in reference to animals *feræ naturæ*, permitting any mode of taking fish, the great effort of civilized and uncivilized man has been to invent the most successful means to catch them. In discoursing quaintly on "the impediments which cause a man to take no fish," Dame Juliana Berners considered the hook as the most difficult part of the outfit to make; and with her love of masculine sports, this good woman had the kindness, in the fifteenth century, to instruct her readers how to make the hooks and whip them to the line with "smalle redde silke." That the subject is yet a favorite one may be surmised when a single man is able to describe sixty-five flies.

Some extraordinary accumulations have been collected in this department, with evolution traced back to an earlier date than that of the bronze fish-hooks of the ancient Egyptians, the prehistoric fish-hooks of the stone age being familiar objects in museums, as are those of the Pacific islands in mother-of-pearl and other forms of shell; and whenever the archæologists are able to disagree as to whether the object is a fish-hook or a shell ear-ring, a new interest is excited in piscatorial archæology. Certain famous collections of fish-hooks are held in private ownership, as that shown by Baron Nordenskiold in the Swedish court of the fisheries exhibit in London, obtained by him in the North, made of stone of different colors in the form of beetles garnished with ivory, horn, blue glass beads, horny red plates taken from the beak of the *phaleris cristotella*, and iron wire, which attracted the attention of the learned observers.

As this section of the exhibit is to show, the most improved equipment of an angler of to-day gives him probably about the same advantage for success, other things being equal, as is enjoyed by a certain monster fish, never extolled by any other angler for his beauty, with his wide mouth extending all round the anterior circumference of his enormous head, in common reference named the fishing-frog (*Lophius piscatorius*), and rather less flatteringly, as well as less scientifically, the sea-devil, who can boast of an exceedingly complete angling apparatus of acknowledged divine fashion; so when lophius goes fishing in the Thames, equipped with his bags, his pair of lines, bait, etc., he uses such an outfit as Mr. Cleveland can hardly hope to excel. With the installation of all the details of this entrancing art, an exhibition of the varied methods of angling will be held in close proximity. The opportunity for tests of skill in fly-casting and bait-casting from shore or boat is to be given, and anglers will there

> "With fraudful care await the finny prize,
> And sudden lift it quivering to the skies."

The spear is believed to have been used first in taking fish; next, the hook and line; and finally, the net. One of the interesting features in the fisheries exhibit will be the different forms of aboriginal apparatus. The Indians of the Northwest, who, like the ancient Ichthyophagi, exist almost solely upon the animal life of the sea, and who, on the entire coast, have the upper limbs better developed than the lower ones from the use of the paddle, will be represented by a distinctive series. The Makah Indians, inhabiting the region of Cape Flattery, whose tribal name is Knenuit-che-chat, are the only ones south of Alaska who actively engage in whaling; but they did not acquire the art from white men, and still employ the apparatus and processes which have come down to them through untold generations. These whalemen are equally skilful in the management of their canoes, made of cedar, and in the manufacture of their own fishing apparatus. All their whaling implements used in capture are held in special regard, and handed down from one generation to another, with the belief that it is unlucky to part with them. The largest and best canoes of these fishermen are made by the Clyoquots and Nittinats on Vancouver Island, where the Indian models his graceful canoe by the eye, with little recourse to absolute measurements. These are the tribes who believe their ancestors were the offspring of a star that fell from heaven and some animal. Their method of whaling, at least, is entirely different from that of other men. They wear bear-skin cloaks (artleitquitl), and show themselves extremely fearless in making long voyages at sea and in attacking the whale.

The different kinds of seines in the order of development, and traced back to the sweep-net—the ancient *sagena*, the oldest form of which any distinct record is known—will constitute another great series, as representing the enormous apparatus developed for capture in this form with the two divisions of fixed and movable nets, compared with which the fabrication among the ancient Greeks and Romans—of which Ossian says that a fisher might rehearse a thousand names, "intractable in smoother verse"—is made to appear insignificant. In commercial fishing on a large scale, nets are sometimes used which are a mile in length, hauled in by a windlass, sometimes worked by a steam-engine instead of the power of horses or men. A trawl-line is made to carry a thousand hooks. Dynamite and other explosives are used in fishing, and a device in poaching is the explosion of torpedoes beneath the water. The most important use is made of the hook and line, of nets, and weirs. The greatest increase in commercial fishing in the latter half of this century has been in deep-sea fishing, attributed principally to the comparatively new process of trawling, for which one form of invention, chiefly in use in the open sea, is referred to as a kind of sea-plough, or apparatus going on wheels, which, with the mounted net, rolls over the ground, simply pressing down the marine vegetation that is important to the fish, without tearing it up by the roots. The vessels used in recent methods of fishing are built larger than those of any previous time, and carry ice in great quantities, although attended by steam-cutters which convey the catch directly to port. The wonderful appliances for sea-diving will be a series to attract attention, the development of apparatus of all kinds completely illustrating the vast increase in the appreciation of the "golden mines," as the fisheries were called, with good reason, by the Dutch, who in going a-fishing raised themselves to opulence.

The fish-cultural section, with its models of fish-breeding establishments, ponds, etc., will be one of general interest and importance. This work, encouraged by the previous experiments of Dr. Garlick and of Seth Green, has been immensely developed since the Fish Commission, with Professor Spencer F. Baird as director, was established, about twenty-one years ago, to investigate the subject of the diminution of valuable fishes, and to consider the remedies to be adopted. The work is in two branches, the rearing and fattening of fish in artificial ponds and lagoons—as was the single idea prompting fish culture in the luxurious period in Rome—and the modern art, as this is generally believed, of the artificial fecundation of fish eggs. The increase of the stock, in order that the poor should have a more abundant and a cheaper supply, seems to have been in view with the fish-cultural work of the ancient Egyptians, as with that of the Chinese, to whom the credit of inventing the art of breeding and rearing fish artificially is most frequently given. The opinion is stated by M. Dabry de Thiersant, in his great work, *La Pisciculture et la Pêche en Chine*, that the highest perfection in this art has been reached in the province of Kiang-Si, while others believe unsurpassed the systems of several European nations, among whom the Sicilians were early in the field, and as illustrated at Comacchio, in Italy, where the industry has been in highly successful operation from the thirteenth century. But the success achieved in fish culture in the United States in the very brief period since interest in artificial hatchery was aroused in all quarters by the early experiments with the eggs of the brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, has been of a very decided kind, and with such reasons as the exhibit at Chicago will best illustrate.

Next to Norway and France, in amount of fish product, the United States will be found not illy prepared to show at home her resources in the fisheries; so very fairly is to be upheld the economic wisdom of King James in granting permission to the Puritans to settle New England from such considerations as Captain Collins is pleased to recall. When the king asked, he says, with true Scottish thrift, what profit might arise from the adventure, the delegates answered, "Fishing"; and the king, thereby favorably impressed, said, "So. God have my soul; 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the apostles' own calling." Accordingly the little band of pilgrims made their settlement on the rock-bound coast, in a harbor which they described as being in the shape of a fish-hook.

In illustration of the enormous industry of the domestic fisheries, the United States Fish Commission exhibit will include in the section of fish culture the various appliances and representations of methods used in transportation of fish, fry and ova, and illustrating the bringing of foreign species to this country.

The section devoted to inquiry respecting food fishes will be one of the grand fields inviting visitors to investigation. As well as in the main hall of the Fisheries Building, where, with apparatus for capture, will be shown living and mounted specimens of all forms, from microscopic animals to whales—if not like the *Arabian Nights* whales, so large as to be taken for islands—with the addition of aquatic and marine vegetation of all species, the products of the fisheries are to be shown in the Fish Commission section, with the chief attention here given to varieties of economic importance. This will comprise numerous series of aquatic animals, plants, sea-birds, etc., in illustration of the objects of the fisheries and of scientific inquiry. The aquatic mammals, such as sea-otters, manatees, cetaceans, etc., are to be represented by skins mounted singly or in groups, by casts, and by paintings, sketches, and photographs. The birds used for fishing, as cormorants, also for food and bait, and fish-eating birds generally, will be shown in the mounted skins and in pictorial representations, supplemented by specimens of eggs and nests. The Reptilia and Batrachia, the fishes — pelagic, deep-sea, anadromous, cetadromous, and inland species — and marine and fresh-water invertebrates are to be represented pictorially and by casts in plaster, papier-maché, or gelatine, and in alcoholic specimens. A new and secret invention is applied in preparing some of the models of fishes, the compound used having great flexibility with its other desirable qualities. These exhibits are prepared in Washington, in a building taken for this use at a convenient distance from the Fish Commission establishment.

The preparation of fishing products will be illustrated in different ways, including packing-houses, canneries, and freezing-houses, with representations of the products prepared for clothing, and to be used in the arts. A highly interesting series will represent the appliances and methods employed in collecting and studying aquatic life, including, in addition to the models, full-sized specimens, paintings, and photographs of the marine laboratories, stations, vessels, etc., in use for making such investigations, and showing the very creditable achievements of this country in the scientific exploration of its inland waters and ocean depths.

To many visitors the exhibit of living specimens of fish, to which the building nearest the lake is devoted, will appear the crowning arrangement of this magnificent display. Around a great central rotunda of this building, with a circumference of 180 feet, will be placed great aquaria—the largest, as Captain Collins states, that it is practicable to use.

An additional feature will be the literature of fishing, from Aristotle down, with all that pertains to the art—the *Bibliotheca piscatoria*, that in part also is the *Bibliotheca curiosa*.

For the expert direction of the exhibit in his charge, Captain Joseph W. Collins, chief of the Department of Fish and Fisheries, has had rare experience. He was on the staff of the United States Commission to the International Fischerei Austellung at Berlin in 1880, and again in a similar position in 1883 in the great international fisheries exposition in London, where he represented this country with distinct success. His acquisition of practical knowledge of the interests with which he has identified himself began when he was a fisher-lad, and he was appointed to the command of a fishing vessel when only twenty-three years of age. He became connected with the United States Fish Commission in 1879, and has since made repeated cruises of observation in the vessels of that department, with valuable results, recorded in government publications. These explorations have always been accompanied by naturalists, including members of the faculties of different colleges, with the result of enriching many collections, and to the general advancement of knowledge of the aquatic fauna and flora of domestic varieties, with occasional foreign voyages.

From 1886 to 1888 Captain Collins was in command of the schooner *Grampus*, when, in one of his cruises, he obtained a famous collection of the great auk (*Alca impennis*), of which extinct species more bones were then discovered than had been previously secured by all the museums of the world. In 1884 he organized the section of naval architecture in the United States National Museum under the direction of Professor G. Brown Goode, and has been since the honorary curator of that collection. Under the same direction he made a statistical inquiry into the fisheries of New England for the tenth census, and he accepted the position of special agent for the eleventh census, but this was afterward resigned. Some of his most important efforts have been directed to the invention of new designs for vessels, with the idea of the prevention of disasters in the hazardous work of the winter-time, in which loss of life had been shockingly frequent in former years. In 1886, Professor Baird, at that time United States Commissioner of Fisheries, authorized the actual experiment with the theories of Captain Collins, with the result of a new and successful type of vessel, represented by the *Grampus* as the original model. On the subject of the improvement of fishing vessels this designer did much writing for the press that was widely circulated, and in addition to his papers contained in the reports and bulletins of the Fish Commission, he has been engaged to a considerable extent in literary work as a contributor to newspapers and periodical journals.

On being nominated in 1890 by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Hon. Marshall McDonald, to represent the government's Board of Management and Control at the World's Columbian Exposition, Captain Collins was appointed by President Harrison to that position. In February, 1891, he was selected as the head of the Department of Fish and Fisheries, and in holding these two offices will form a twofold representation that, with all its marvellous attractions, will be one of entire unity.

THE PETERSBURGH QUARTER.

CHRISTIANIA.

BY HARALD HANSEN.

THOUGH an official capital, Christiania is far from being able to take rank with her Scandinavian sisters Stockholm and Copenhagen. It is painful for us to admit this, but we are pretty certain that the inferiority will not be eternal. In any case, the reader will realize a little what Christiania and Norway are if he will join me in a rapid survey of the past.

The town was founded in the Middle Ages, and was originally called Oslo, when, without being exactly the chief city of the kingdom, it was several times the residence of the Norwegian monarchs. One king would prefer Oslo, another Bergen, which was then the most densely populated town of Norway. Yet another would like Drontheim, which was generally considered the very heart of the nation. All the towns of Norway prospered, and for a very long time that country was in the front rank, alike in power and in civilization. Before any European country, Norway had a firmly established hereditary monarchy, and many of her rulers were great men, even heroes. She had a literature too; the immortal composers of sagas, natives of Iceland, a dependency of Norway, lived at the court of the Norwegian kings, and sought in the history of their mother-country, so fertile in dramatic incident, the subjects of their poems. There, too, art, developing rapidly, produced grand monuments, such as the fine cathedral of St. Olaf, at Drontheim, in the extreme north of Norway, the grandest of all the Scandinavian churches, which is now being restored under very great difficulties, as it is almost impossible in the heaps of ruins to make out the harmonious lines of the original structure, and tradition is so meagre as to aid us but little.

Towards the end of the Middle Ages a Danish queen was elected in Sweden to reign over Scandinavia. Sweden soon withdrew her support from the foreigner, and sought for native princes to rule over her; but the Norwegians remained faithful to the Danish princess. Norway, powerful when in the hands of the great kings of the past, was helpless alone; she lost the habit of managing her own affairs, and failed utterly in self-government. The members of the great aristocratic families, once so influential, now became mere courtiers, and with the disappearance of the national monarchy, the aristocrats sank to the level of the peasants. Norway became an easy prey to Denmark, which soon conquered the inert mass of her unresisting population, and for two centuries the country ceased to have any individuality at all.

The minor towns were involved in the general decadence; they fell into ruins; they were burnt and they were pillaged during the war when the Danes or the Swedes snatched at fragments of Norway. The Norwegians themselves, with the indifference of barbarians, destroyed monuments left uninjured by the foreigner, and at Oslo everything beautiful disappeared.

About 1500, something of a renaissance set in, but the nation which then awoke to life was altogether a new people, knowing nothing of the past, and the Danish masters adroitly maintained this ignorance, accustoming the Norwegians to look to Copenhagen for everything, and to employ all their forces, their resources, their genius, for the Danish monarch and state. The Norwegians have forgotten their old literary language, which has been broken up into dialects, and now only lives in the patois of the peasants. Danish began to be spoken in the towns, it became the language of the church, of government, and of literature, and it is taught in the schools as if it were the native idiom of the children. Yet, for all that, those children are true Norwegians.

Denmark was never rich enough in population to send to Norway any but officials or soldiers, mere passing visitors, who never took root; on the other hand, Norwegians poured into Denmark, and a great many of the Danish families, especially at Copenhagen, have the blood of ancient Norwegians in their veins.

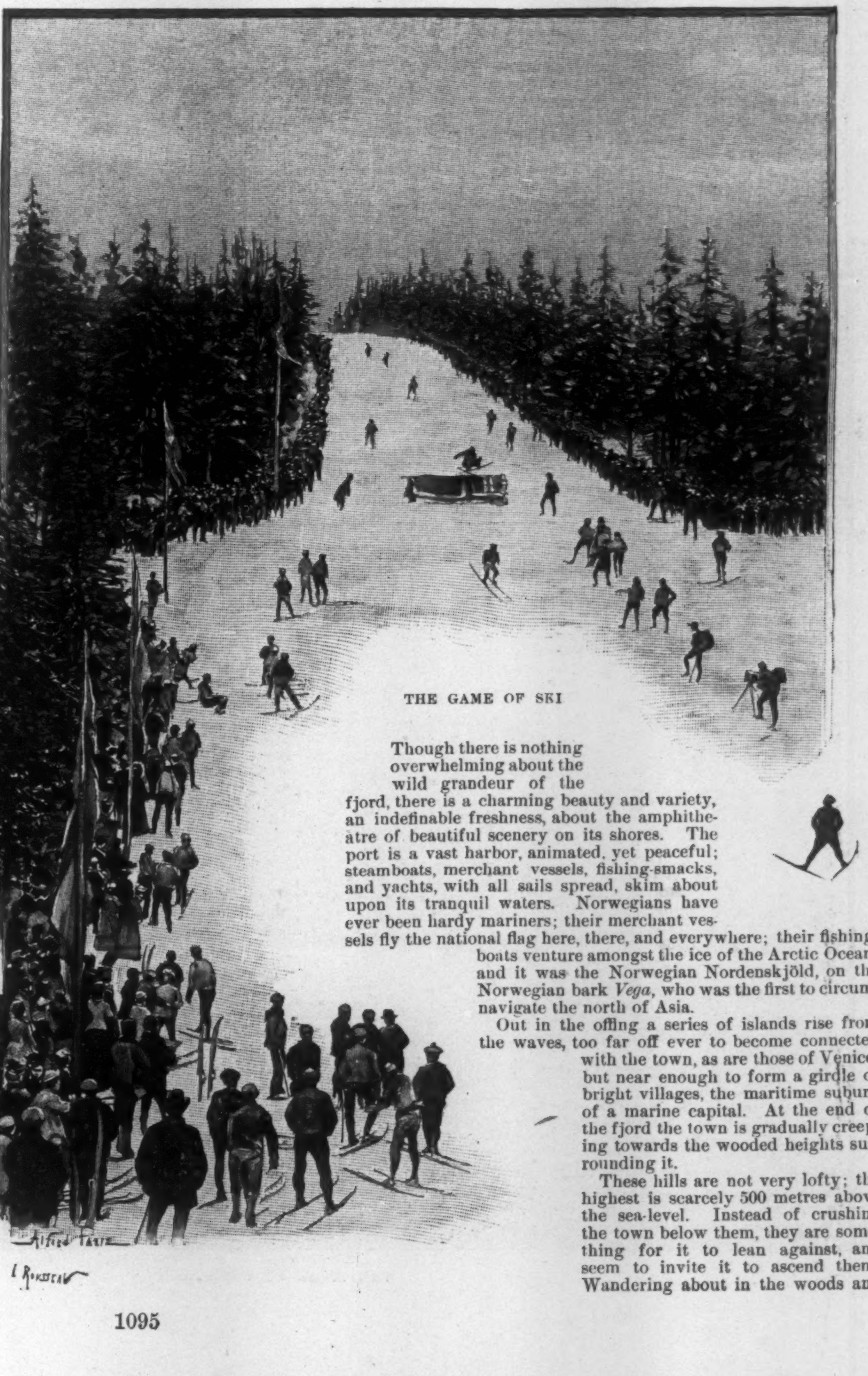
The Norwegians soon recovered their native powers; but they used them all for the benefit of Copenhagen. The Danish-Norwegian theatre, so brilliant in the eighteenth century, owed nearly all its prestige to Norwegians, who were obliged to seek for work and fame at Copenhagen. Oslo, which in 1624 became Christiania, so named after its second founder, the remarkable King Christian IV., was called a capital; but this title was not justified by any monuments of importance or scientific or literary establishments, for the town merely vegetated in the dreary monotony of provincial existence. All talent, all skill, drifted, as a matter of course, to Copenhagen; witness, for instance, the great Holberg, admired not only by Scandinavia, but whose writings profoundly influenced the literature of the neighboring countries—Germany and Russia. The French theatre alone owns classic comedies equal to those left by this great dramatic author; he was the Molière of the North, a supple and versatile genius, author of philosophic essays, a satirical romance, and several books of history. He was, by birth and education alike, a pure Norwegian, of whom Norway may be justly proud.

But the Norwegians could not forever ignore their origin and their ancient history; in the end they became aware that they were only bound to Denmark by artificial ties. In 1814 these ties were broken when the European powers proposed giving Norway to Sweden, which was alike her hereditary enemy and that of Denmark. Norway saw her opportunity, and proclaimed herself a sovereign state. The treaty made with Sweden a few months afterwards did not destroy the newly recovered independence, for though one king reigns over both countries, when he sets foot in Norway he speaks a different language, he is surrounded by a different court, he commands a different army, and shares his power with a Parliament of very different strength from that of his kingdom of Sweden. Christiania, in fact, maintains her dignity as a capital, and now that dignity is real, not only apparent.

There is but one analogy between the Scandinavian peninsula and that of Italy: Stockholm represents Venice; Bergen, Genoa; Christiania, Florence; and if we include Denmark in the comparison, Copenhagen may be compared to Milan. Christiania, moreover, occupies in the North a central position; she is admirably situated at the north end of a fjord opening upon the sea, at the entrance of a fertile and populated district. What might she not have been had the glorious promise of the Middle Ages had its natural fulfilment in the following centuries? A magnificent city, doubtless; but perhaps Bergen or Drontheim might have disputed with her the position of capital. In 1814 Bergen was much larger and more wealthy, whilst Drontheim had the same number of inhabitants; in fact, Christiania's only advantage over her rivals was that she was a little nearer to Stockholm.

Since the time of which we are speaking she has grown rapidly. In spite of the immense number of emigrants to America, the 10,000 inhabitants of 1814 have now become 150,000. Bergen, the second town of the kingdom, has but 50,000, whilst the capitals of Sweden and Denmark, which are both several centuries older, and enjoy exceptionally favorable conditions, have, one, 250,000, and the other, 375,000 inhabitants. And doubtless Christiania will continue to increase rapidly. In fact, the whole of Norway is making immense progress in industry, commerce, and navigation. Her children are now less willing to leave her, as they can make a good livelihood in their native country. The birth rate is higher and the death rate lower than in any part of Europe.

Buildings of importance did not keep pace with the growth of the population, and Christiania has but few of those stone or marble monuments so numerous in most ancient capitals. Norway has been a nation for a short time only, but her natural beauties compensate for artificial ornaments.



THE GAME OF SKI

Though there is nothing overwhelming about the wild grandeur of the fjord, there is a charming beauty and variety, an indefinable freshness, about the amphitheatre of beautiful scenery on its shores. The port is a vast harbor, animated, yet peaceful; steamboats, merchant vessels, fishing-smacks, and yachts, with all sails spread, skim about upon its tranquil waters. Norwegians have ever been hardy mariners; their merchant vessels fly the national flag here, there, and everywhere; their fishing-boats venture amongst the ice of the Arctic Ocean; and it was the Norwegian Nordenskjöld, on the Norwegian bark *Vega*, who was the first to circumnavigate the north of Asia.

Out in the offing a series of islands rise from the waves, too far off ever to become connected with the town, as are those of Venice, but near enough to form a girdle of bright villages, the maritime suburb of a marine capital. At the end of the fjord the town is gradually creeping towards the wooded heights surrounding it.

These hills are not very lofty; the highest is scarcely 500 metres above the sea-level. Instead of crushing the town below them, they are something for it to lean against, and seem to invite it to ascend them. Wandering about in the woods and

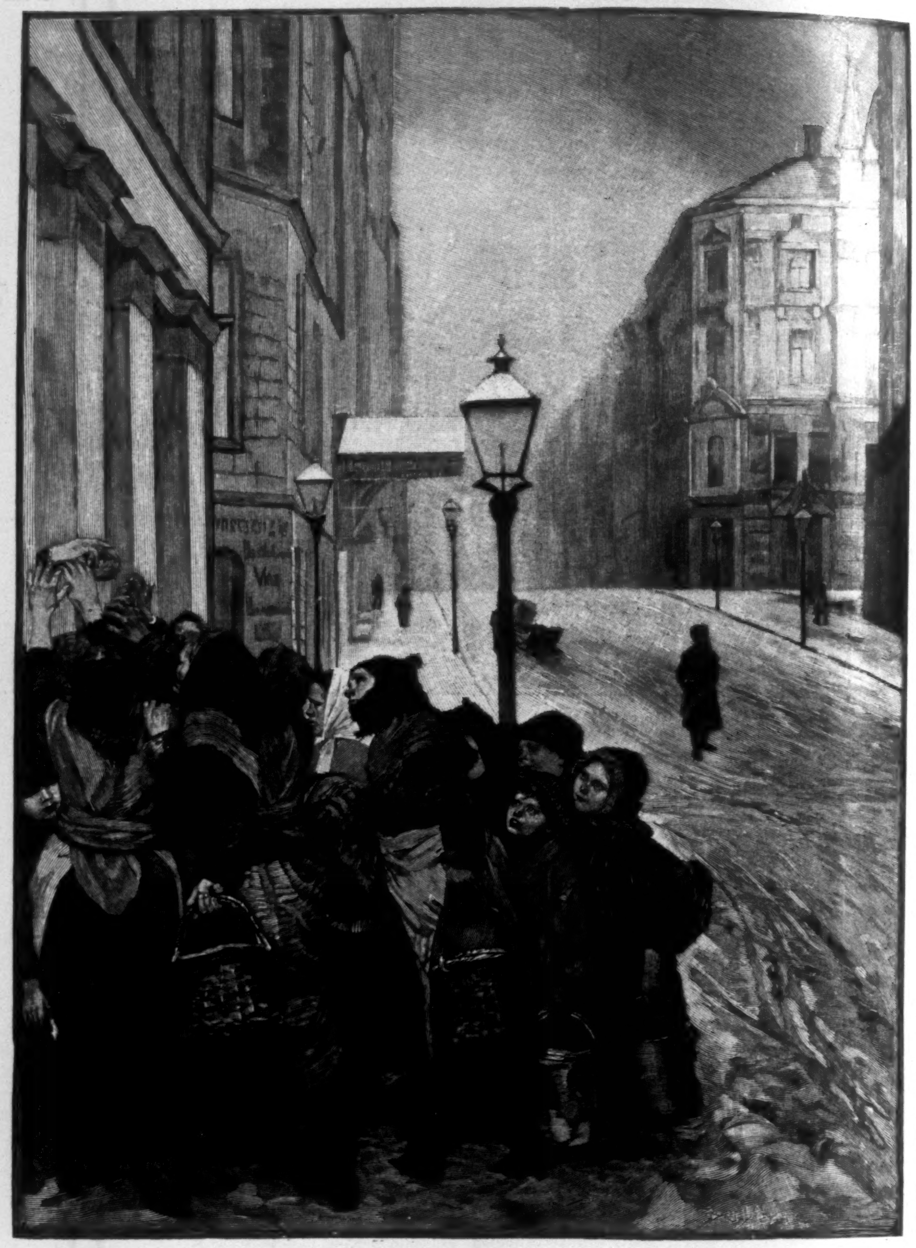
parks clothing the slopes, we come here and there to a break in the trees, whence a beautiful view is obtained of the town, the port, and its islands, with the receding shores of the gulf, whilst far away in the distance on the north and the west rise grand snow-clad heights, standing out distinctly against the pale sky.

With a forethought which does honor to the taste of the authorities, the municipality of Christiania has bought these charming hills, and the most picturesque parts of the woods are becoming dotted with sanatoria, hotels, and large villas, built in the national style, so that before long Christiania will be encircled with a diadem of wooden palaces. The shores of the gulf outside the town are already lined with houses, all, however, surrounded by woods and half hidden amongst trees. The general effect is grand when the sun as it sets bathes the whole scene in light, the beautiful outlines of the Norwegian villas standing out against the dark masses of verdure. Ten years hence we may expect to see immense progress in this direction, and the view from the fjord will be even finer than it is now.

The site of the town, which is in the form of an amphitheatre, lends itself to the finest architectural effects. Nor are materials wanting; marble, granite, felspar, and porphyry abound. All that is wanted is a people imbued with artistic feeling, a love and sense of the beautiful. The generation immediately succeeding the great date of 1814 had everything to learn; money, too, was wanting, as was also faith in the future of the town, which, however, already numbered 10,000 inhabitants. Their successors, it is true, were a little less poor, a little less uncultivated; but they were as wanting in confidence and in enterprise. Progress was not really inaugurated until contemporary days; but so great has been the impulse given that the lost time will very soon be made up, and we may hope that our children's children will find themselves owners of a really grand town, full of great models to emulate, perhaps to surpass.

A NORWEGIAN GIRL.

The main street of Christiania, the artery uniting the east and west, about which circulates all the intellectual life of the capital, is the Karl-Johans-Gade, so called in honor of the first Bernadotte, which was opened about forty years ago. Here the grandfathers of the present Norwegians hunted game, the avenue starting from the central station, and coming out at the Royal Château. It is lined with the most important buildings of the town—the Vor Frelsers Kirke (or Church of Our Saviour), the Post and Telegraph offices, the Storthings-Bygning, or Parliament House, the University, the museums, the libraries, the theatres, and Concert-Room, and, of course, the chief hotels and restaurants. The libraries are large and well furnished; the scientific collections are fairly good; the Museum of Art, with a few fine examples of foreign work, contains part of that national collection of paintings by members of the Norwegian school the vigorous originality of which is appreciated by the whole art world of Europe. In spite of this, however, there is nothing grand about the Karl-Johans-Gade; but for the fine views it commands on every side, it would strike one as rather poor; there is something incomplete and unfinished about it, and it is easy to see that it has been built a little too soon—before the town has become an important city or the country prosperous.

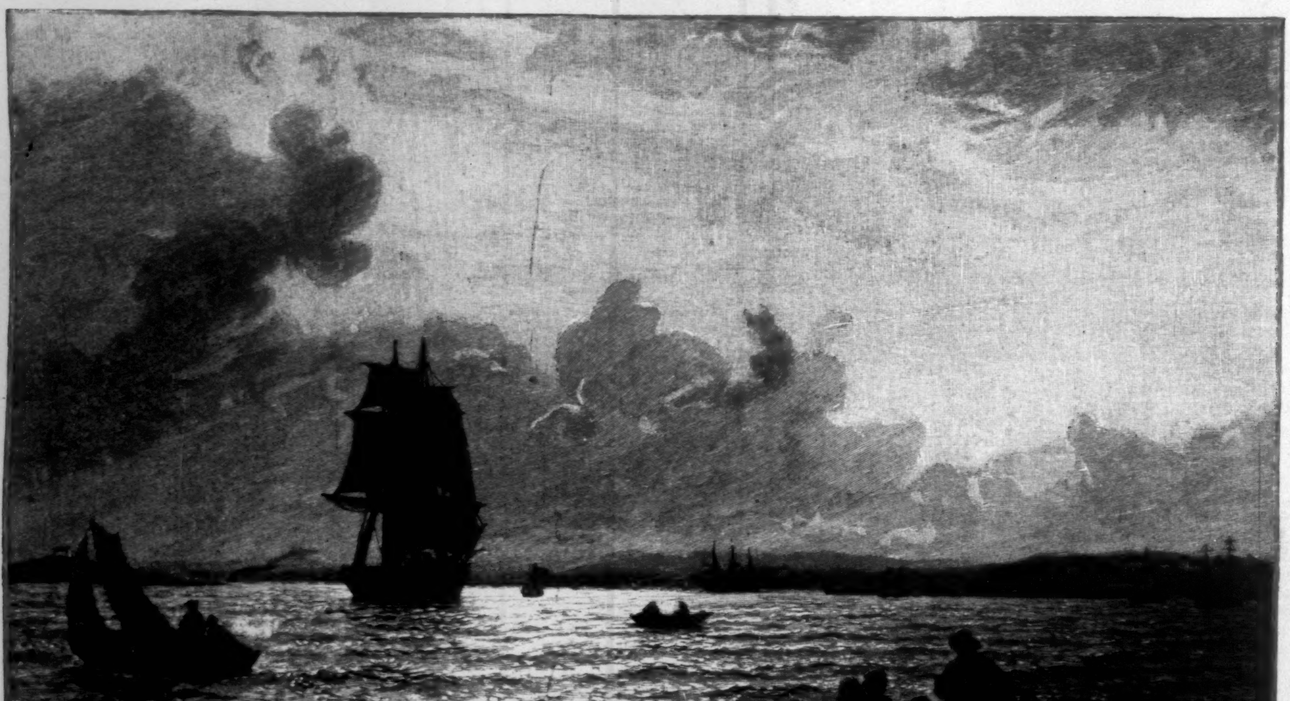


THE KARL-JOHANS-GADE IN WINTER.

Such as it is, it is the one large street of Christiania—its Boulevard des Italiens—and it is full of passers-by day and night, hurrying to and fro between the Storthings-Bygning and the Palace, that portion of the avenue skirting the principal square of the town. A grand square it is, too, in which the whole of fashionable Christiania meets in fine weather, giving to it the animation of a regular capital. In the salons, it is true, there is a kind of provincial stiffness and rigidity; but all this is thrown aside in the open air, where everything is fresh, bright, gay, and lively. Foreigners accuse the Norwegians of being rather like the Yankees, and perhaps they are not far wrong.

Christiania is one of those towns in which nothing belonging to the past can be retained. The old and new quarters do not represent a regular and continuous development, but abrupt transition from little wooden houses to huge stone buildings. The old and the new can still be easily compared, but it is no great pleasure to do so, for the old part does not represent the picturesque and venerable mediæval town; it only recalls provincial Christiania of recent times, with all its ugliness and poverty.

The ancient picturesque town, if it ever existed, has completely disappeared, and it is as much as we can do to find any traces of typical characters or local costumes. The most picturesque people in the place are the drovers of the cattle market, with their short blue blouses and yellow leather pantaloons—true sons of the town, rough and ready, acting on impulse, thorough types of an uncultivated people. We meet them at every turn; they meddle in everything, and are interested in all that goes on. The daily papers are full of accounts of their vagaries, which are not always of the most innocent description; but how ingenious their tricks often are, and how amusing! They hold at Christiania very much the same position as the lazzaroni of Naples, and the people are beginning to call them lazzaroni too.



THE FJORD OF CHRISTIANIA.

(Continued on page 1098).

SOME IDLE NOTES OF THE MOST NOBLE PROFESSION IN EUROPE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

CHRISTIANIA.—(*Continued from page 1096.*)

The amusements of Christiania are those of all cold countries. One special delight is skating on the frozen snow; it may, in fact, be called the national sport of Norway in the cold white months. For the peasants, however, it is no mere sport, but a necessity of existence, whereas in the towns it is a recreation which every one loves to share in or to watch. The snow-shoes are long, flat, and pointed, made of light, elastic, but solid wood. When wearing these snow-shoes, a balancing-stick is necessary, but the most skilful skaters only need a little branch. The rest of the equipment is very much the same as for ordinary skating, except that very long stockings and very thick mufflers are worn to break the force of concussions; for skating on snow in Norway is really a mad rush from the top to the bottom of hills, with sudden leaps in the air where the ground, becoming suddenly vertical, disappears from beneath your feet. It is an intoxicating sensation to speed through the air as quickly as lightning, as lightly as a bird, the lungs inflated with the pure air, the blood rushing through one's veins, making one feel strong, vigorous, supple, and as if one's limbs were elastic. This salutary and delightful exercise, violent as it appears, is not really at all exhausting, and delicately bred, high-born young ladies can take part in it. Truly it is a beautiful sight, and thoroughly Scandinavian, a sort of glimpse into the heroic ages of the sagas, to watch a beautiful fair girl in her short gray dress, with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, shoot, like an apparition from another world, across the whiteness of the untrodden snow.

The races on the snow are amongst the greatest fêtes of the capital, and all the world, headed by the court, goes to see them. The most celebrated Norwegian skaters compete; but of late years it has always been the young people of Christiania who have carried off the prizes. This sport is becoming every day more and more of a national institution, and it is not unusual for young nobles to spend a long time up in the mountains practising skating. Alpine hotels and inns, which used to close at the beginning of the cold season, are now kept open for some weeks in the depths of winter. Very soon all those who value their reputation in society will go up to greet the New-Year at a height of 2000 metres above the sea, flying about all day, as the saga tells us Frithiof and Ingeborg did across the snow fields, and at night, throwing aside the costume of the skater, dance in full evening toilet in the brilliantly lighted rooms of the Kursaal. Those who are blessed with vivid imaginations already see the heights dotted with a whole series of winter stations, a sort of white Riviera; for we no longer dread the cold, we have already begun to send those who have anything the matter with their lungs to winter amongst the snow, where, after a few weeks' training, the most delicate will write their letters with their windows open. Skating on the snow does not prevent the Norwegians from successfully practising ordinary skating on ice, and amongst the crowds on the Karl-Johans-Gade we are sure to recognize one or two champion Norwegian skaters who have carried off prizes in both hemispheres.

The great fête of the year, that of the Constitution, falls on the 17th of May, at the beginning of the Norwegian spring. It somewhat resembles national fêtes in every other part of the world; but I do not think that anywhere else can be seen anything at all like the procession of children, founded by the Norwegian Victor Hugo, Björstjerne Björnsen, in which all the schools march in order, each child holding in his hand a little national flag. Nothing could be prettier than this procession, a stream of red, white, and blue, which flows along with a murmur of youthful gayety, and the music of fresh voices and silvery laughter. For the last few years little girls have been allowed to take part in the fête; they must of course be admitted in a country where the proposal to give the suffrage to women was voted for by the imposing minority of forty-four out of one hundred and forty, and that in a Conservative Parliament. It is worthy of note that it was the peasant who voted in favor of woman's suffrage.

As I am enumerating the pleasures of Christiania, this would be the place to speak of the theatre, and of artistic and literary life, but, alas! there is not much to say of either, and the subject will soon be exhausted.

Whilst Norway was united to Denmark, the complete absence of a theatre prevented the former from producing any actors, and, indeed, until 1850, none but Danish troupes acted. At that date, however, Bergen, the native town of Holberg, succeeded in producing a thoroughly Norwegian piece. All the artists who took part in it were from Bergen, even Ole Bull, who is called the Paganini of the North, who was the very soul of the enterprise, and, of course, the piece given on the opening night was one of Holberg's comedies. The actors soon won their spurs, and really formed quite a remarkable cast; the capital hastened to attract to herself these the first-born of the dramatic authors of Norway, but Bergen soon replaced them with others of equal skill. Things went on very much in the same way for a considerable length of time; the provincial towns continued to send men of talent to the capital, which produced no genius of her own. And Bergen is still prosperous, still full of life, the home of men with ideas, and the language spoken there is spirited and vigorous, the language of the theatre, whilst that of Christiania has remained heavy and dull.

About 1850, there is no doubt that many men of talent were arising in Norway, but the government showed no special recognition of this fact. In the country of Holberg, which is now also that of Ibsen and Björnsen, Parliament never granted and probably never will grant a sou towards the maintenance of a theatre. The King, with his modest revenues, cannot do much more than pay for his own box. It is as much as the towns, with their straitlaced Pharisaical Puritanism, can do to recognize their duty to art, and if the Norwegian theatre is worth anything—and it really is worth a great deal—it is due to the classic repertory, and to Norwegian artists, many of whom take first rank.

It goes without saying that Christiania has not shown more tenderness to authors than she has to actors; for a long time she neither cared for nor understood them. They all, of course, represented new ideas, something alike more Norwegian than Norway, more European than Europe. How could any one hope to please a conservative and clerical town, a stranger to all literary and all art feeling? There was nothing for authors to do but to accept exile and seek a less frigid atmosphere. Christiania, young as she still is, has been fractious and unjust; but her sins are those of youth and ignorance, and like many untractable children, who afterwards become delightfully intelligent and well-educated men, she will do very well if only she is allowed to develop freely. Amongst the authors who have emigrated, residing abroad or in the provinces, none are natives of the capital, and, as a rule, it is not the life of Christiania which they describe. During the last ten years there have been signs of change, and Christiania, after having repulsed authors, now begins to produce them, and a few men of great but undeveloped talent are arising, who are, however, somewhat of *enfants terribles*, for they choose subjects for their works which it is impossible to discuss.

All that I have said of authors I may also say of painters, sculptors, and musicians. There are a great number of Norwegian artists, but many live abroad, and it is in the galleries of Germany and Austria that the best paintings of the Norwegian school are to be seen. There is little to say of the art of the two generations previous to our own; but at last, in the present day, there seems likely to be a true native Norwegian school. The illustrious Norwegian musicians, composers, singers, and pianists were most of them born at Christiania, where they have obtained recognition enough to give them a feeling of affection for their native place. If Christiania misses their actual presence, it is for the same reason that Swedish nightingales sing everywhere except in Sweden. We may add that the two most noteworthy characteristics of the artistic and literary work produced in Christiania itself are supple grace and delicate penetration. The capital, too, exercises an irresistible fascination over the rest of Norway, and it is becoming the tendency of all talent to drift to that capital, even as small streams flow into the main river. Bergen sends her imaginative lyric poets; Drontheim supplies grandeur of style and humor; the Danes and Swedes in their turn bring their special characteristics, and from this strange medley will issue something homogeneous and complete, which will be the supreme expression of the Scandinavian genius.

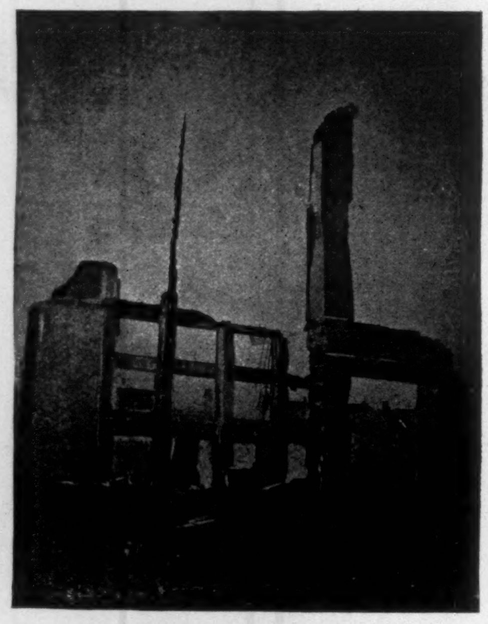
Yes, we may hope, and hope confidently, that Norway will yet regain her old position among the nations. She has now that great need of every country—a capital; without which she would be a body without a head, and her union with Sweden has not taken from her her royal dynasty or her diplomatic corps. There seems to be every hope of the development in Norway of a school of diplomacy purely Norwegian, and there is no doubt that the royal family are becoming attached to Christiania as a residence.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837. By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841. By E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846. By PIERRE LOTI.
ROME.—No. 1850. By GASTON BOISSIER.
GENEVA.—No. 1856. By ÉDOUARD ROD.
ATHENS.—No. 1859. By COMTE DE MOÜY.
PEKIN.—No. 1862. By GENERAL TCHENG-KI-TONG.
CAIRO.—No. 1864. By CAMILLE PELLETAN.
BERLIN.—No. 1866. By ANTONIN PROUST.
LONDON.—No. 1868. By SIR CHARLES W. DILKE.
VIENNA.—No. 1869. By MADAME ADAM.
MEXICO.—No. 1872. By AUGUSTE GÉNIN.

THE GREAT FIRE AT MILWAUKEE.

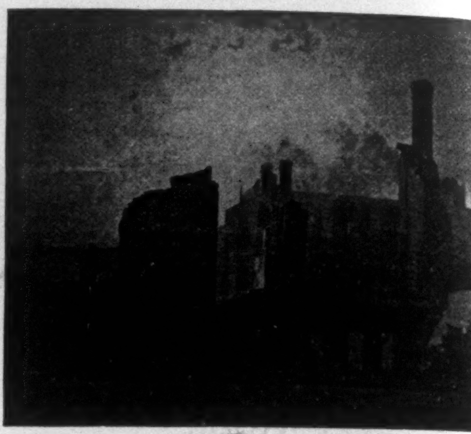
EVEN in these modern days of building commissioners and science in building, great cities are not exempt from ravages by fire. True it is that the arts of to-day and the improved fire departments reduce the danger wellnigh to a minimum, but there are certain conditions under which a fire may get beyond control and do incalculable damage.



RUINS CORNER BROADWAY AND BUFFALO STREET.

As it is more difficult for a fire to make headway in face of the modern systems of building and improved fire-extinguishing apparatus, even so is the loss greater nowadays when once the flames gain mastery. The great fire of Chicago in 1871 and the two Boston fires in 1872 and 1889 are instances, although it may be said that within the past generation, even within the past few years, the fighting methods and the discipline of fire departments have improved wonderfully. But notwithstanding all advances, Milwaukee has just fallen a prey to the all-devouring flames. On the afternoon of Friday, October 28th, several alarms were sent out in various parts of the city, and while the engines were distributed fire broke out in the Union Oil Company's store on East Water Street. The outbreak was due to an explosion in the cellar, and the inflammable stock enabled the fire to spread quickly, so that the entire building was in flames before the first engine could arrive from some distant point whither it had been sent. The rear of the store was upon the Milwaukee River, but the fire-boat which might have checked the fire was away from its dock and not available at the moment. To add to the unfortunate combination of circumstances, a strong gale was blowing at the time, and before any assistance could arrive the fire seemed beyond control. The adjacent building, a wholesale liquor store, next caught, and then a large drug-house, and, fanned by the wind, the flames wrapped the buildings in a moment.

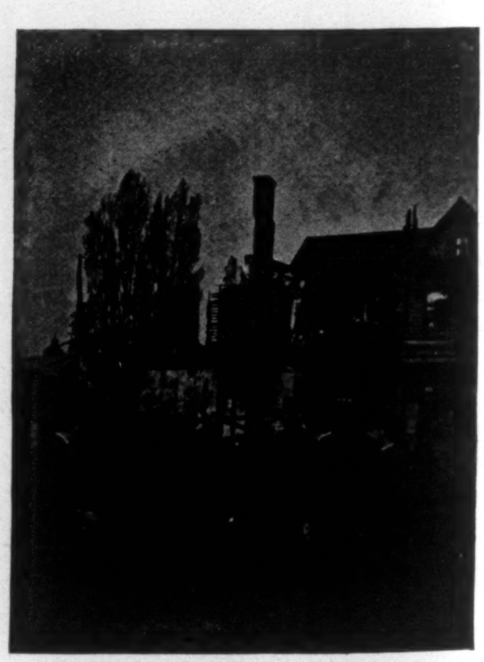
Three alarms were sent out, and called nearly the entire fire department of the city to the scene. Bravely and well fought the firemen for nearly an hour, restricting the flames to the three buildings. It was thought that the fire had reached its height and would shortly be well in hand, when the work of the gale was seen. Sparks had been carried for some distance, and had fallen upon and ignited the tar roof



BAILEY IRON-WORKS.
Chicago Street, between Broadway and East Water Street.

of an immense furniture factory. This building was a new one, seven stories in height, and the fire on the roof was beyond the reach of the firemen. Within a quarter of an hour the whole of the interior was burning. After half an hour the distressing circumstances were added to by the falling in of the factory walls, by which three engines were wrecked. It was necessary to abandon them, the firemen barely making their escape, and the department was sadly crippled by their loss. Outside aid was summoned by the chief, who realized the inability of the firemen to cope with the spreading flames. Later on assistance was received from Waukesha, Racine, Kenosha, and Chicago, in the shape of fire-engines. All the while the fire increased rapidly, leaping the streets and covering whole blocks. It went as far as the lake-front, consuming freight-houses and cars. The gas-works of the city were disabled, and the consequence was that the portions of Milwaukee dependent upon gas-light were in total darkness that night.

It was about six o'clock when the Union Oil Company's store caught fire, and an hour later the flames were making rapid progress towards Lake Michigan, six blocks distant. All through the night the firemen labored as best they could, but the fire seemed irresistible. It crossed the river and consumed several blocks, and, to add to the terrors, alarms were received from distant parts of the city so frequently that it was feared that a band of fire-bugs had determined to wipe Milwaukee off the face of the earth. To stay the flames dynamite was resorted to by the firemen. Several buildings were blown up to prevent the fire reaching those beyond, for the firemen concentrated their energies to confine the fire to the burning district, not seeking to quench it, which would have been impossible. A portion of the destroyed district was occupied by little cottages, where the poor lived, and it is estimated that several hundred of these were burned, in addition to other dwelling-places, and about twenty-five hundred people rendered homeless. It was a pitiable sight indeed that night, for they had lost home and all, and thronged together in the streets, crying with misery and fear. The worst of the fire was over by one o'clock, but nevertheless the firemen were called upon to labor until daylight. Saturday morning it was possible to make an estimate of the loss. Twelve entire blocks were consumed, and nearly five hundred buildings. Over three hundred and fifty families lost their homes, and nearly four millions of dollars were lost. Of this the insurance companies are losers to the extent of about two and one-half million dollars.



NORTH SIDE OF BUFFALO STREET.
Corner of Jefferson Street. The northern limit of the fire.

The scenes attendant upon the fire were impressive and heart-rending. Two firemen gave up their lives in discharge of their duty, and two women died from excitement. This is the full loss of life as far as known, though there were several accidents while the fire was in progress. It is agreed by everybody that the work of the firemen was excellent,

MAP OF THE BURNT DISTRICT OF MILWAUKEE.

and that they did all that was possible. A relief fund was organized immediately after, and the responses to the call for aid were many and generous.

CITY SKETCH.

ON THE ELEVATED TRAIN.

He entered an elevated train at Franklin Street, with a white-clad, golden-haired baby girl in his thin old arms, and a smile on his gray-bewhiskered face. Every man in the car was silent behind a newspaper, or gazing gloomily out of a window.

"May I set by you?" he inquired of an overfed melancholy man in black, who was occupying three-quarters of a double seat in the middle of the car.

The melancholy man moved slightly. "Certainly," he said, and when he saw the baby girl he frowned at first, and then smiled and squeezed himself into one-half the seat.

"Breezy, ain't it?" inquired the old man, and four newspapers were lowered into as many laps.

"Yes, it is," replied the melancholy man, with another smile. "Seems to be blowing freshly up the bay."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain," ventured the old man so loudly and cheerfully that passengers for ten seats around looked over and smiled, and two or three began to converse tentatively, after the manner of persons who learned to talk very late in life.

"Told my darter this mornin' before I left hum that I thought it 'ud rain before night, but she said I'd lose an umbrell' 'f I fetched one. It does seem 's if I'm gittin' powerful fergitful lately."

"Bleecker!"—from the guard.

"Is this your grandchild?" inquired the melancholy man, beaming with all his visible cuticle.

"Yes, this is Susy; all the one we've got. Her father 'n' mother's dead, 'n' she lives 'long o' Almiry 'n' me. Almiry's my darter."

"Eighth nex!"—from the guard.

"Make 'em hustle, don't they? Don't give 'em much time to git on or off. Almiry's kind o' near, though she means well, Almiry does—I'll give her credit fer that—'n' she thought all these fixin's wa'n't wuth while. But I says to myself I ain't got any more grandchildren to bring up, ner much longer to bring 'em up in 'f I had; 'n' 'f Susy wants 's good clothes 's our minister's little girl, she's goin' to hev 'em. Ain't you, Susy?"

The child looked up into the serene, homely old face and smiled.

"Is this window too cold for your little girl, sir?" inquired a big coarse boy who sat opposite, pretending to read a grimy paper-covered novel.

"Eh?"

"Would you like the window closed?"

"No, thank ye. Can't hev too much fresh air for Susy. Why, she lives out-doors, jest like a flower, when she's to hum. What street was that?"

"Eighth."

"What's next?"

"Fourteenth."

"That's where Racy's dry-goods store is, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've got to git out there. Come, Susy."

Every man in the car was sorry.

LITTLE ITALY.

The Madison Avenue horse-car swung around the corner at Forty-second Street and waited for down-town passengers from the Grand Central station. Among those who got on board was a bareheaded young Italian mother with a babe nursing at her breast. The sphinx with a desert lion resting upon her paws could not have been more superbly unconscious of the sidelong glances. A man rose, offered the Italian woman a seat, and walked to the front platform, where three young ruffians were smoking cheap cigars.

Inside the car well-dressed men smiled, and two exchanged winks. Some of the ladies looked uneasy, and one left the car at Fortieth Street and waited for another.

On the front platform the cheap cigars burned rapidly. All the passengers there, with one exception, looked at the horses scampering through the gloomy tunnel.

"Jim," said one of the smokers, sharply, to the exception, "keep dat mug o' yourn turned dis way. She knows her business See?"

A CONSTANT PLAGUE.

Indigestion is, in many instances, a constant plague, giving the sufferer no peace night or day. To banish the tormentor, don't deluge your stomach with pepsins and sour or acidulous tonics. Use the genuine invigorant and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, approved and recommended by physicians of distinction. Use it, too, for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and nervousness.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.—[*Adv.*]

Frederick Keppel & Co., Rare Engravings and Etchings, 20 East 16th Street, New York, and 24 Van Buren Street, Chicago. Descriptive Catalogue No. 9, of over 500 Modern Etchings, with 50 Illustrations, now ready, and forwarded by mail on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA
presents a new and valuable food beverage. It is delicious to the taste and highly nutritious.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.—[*Adv.*]

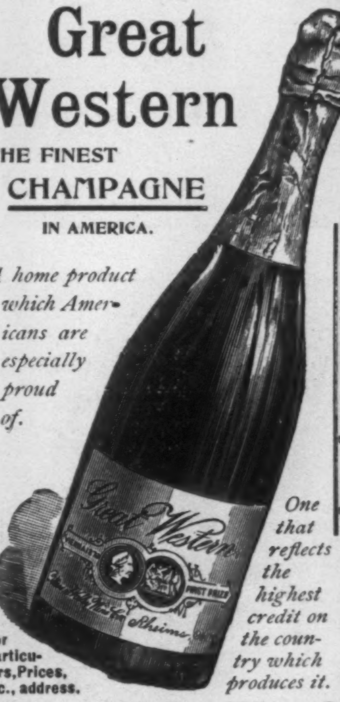
The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Scott's Emulsion
of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

Great Western
THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA.
A home product which Americans are especially proud of.



One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.

For Particulars, Prices, etc., address.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
RHEIMS, Steuben Co., NEW YORK.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"
NEW YORK CENTRAL
& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.
FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

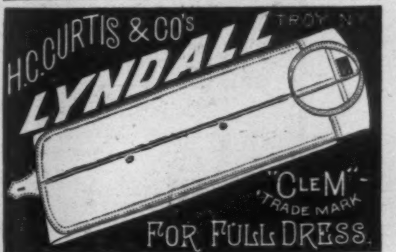
Direct Line to NIAGARA FALLS
by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.
All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42d St., New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.
ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

The **1892** Model
Remington Typewriter

EXCELS
In Quality of Work,
In Ease and Convenience of Operation,
In Simplicity of Design,
And Durability of Construction.

Send for an Illustrated Catalogue.
Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

Ruszti asszú.
Ménesi asszú.
The Most Effective Tonics.
DELICIOUS, GUARANTEED PURE HUNGARIAN MEDICINAL WINES.
Highly recommended by all medical authorities of America and Europe.
SAMUEL LENCK, Oedenburg, Hungary.
(*Established* 1792.)
For Sale at all leading Grocers', Druggists', and Wine Merchants'.
General Depot for New York,
Hossfeld & Wierl, 39 Broad Street, N. Y.



Cut ⅓ size.
For Guns,
Reels, Bicycle, Sewing-Machine, or Typewriter.
Places a drop of oil precisely where it is needed, or flows freely if required. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents by
THE METAL TURNING CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

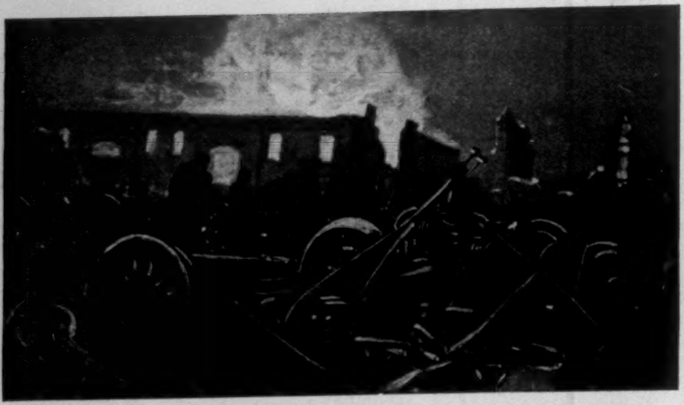
YALE MIXTURE SMOKING TOBACCO
It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that experience can produce or that money can buy.

Apollinaris
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
"*IN WORLD-WIDE USE.*"—*N. Y. Medical Journal.*

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,
Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.



BURNED FREIGHT-CARS, WITH DEPOT IN BACKGROUND, LOOKING WEST FROM LAKE.

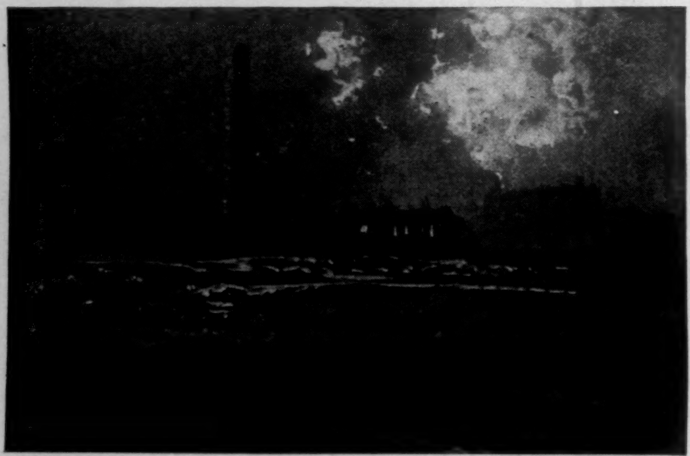
LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM CORNER OF MENOMONEE AND JEFFERSON STREETS—FREIGHT DEPOTS.

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE STREETS.

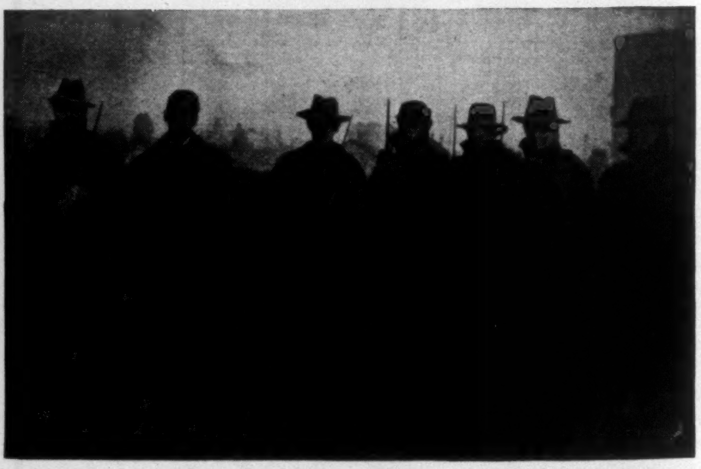
RUINS OF ELEVATOR, CORNER OF CORCORAN AND JACKSON STREETS.

LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM BUFFALO AND MILWAUKEE STREETS.

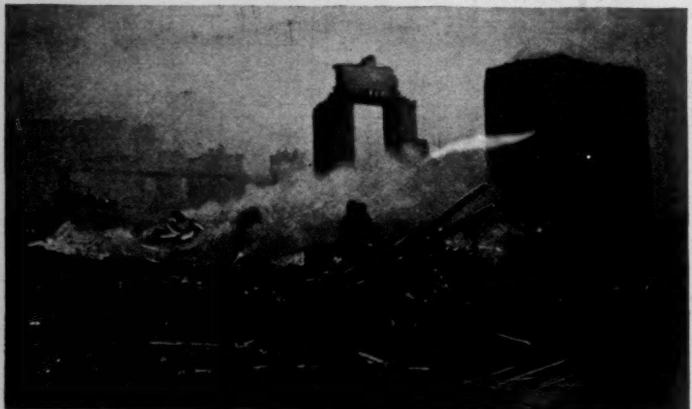
HOUSEHOLD GOODS ON DETROIT STREET.



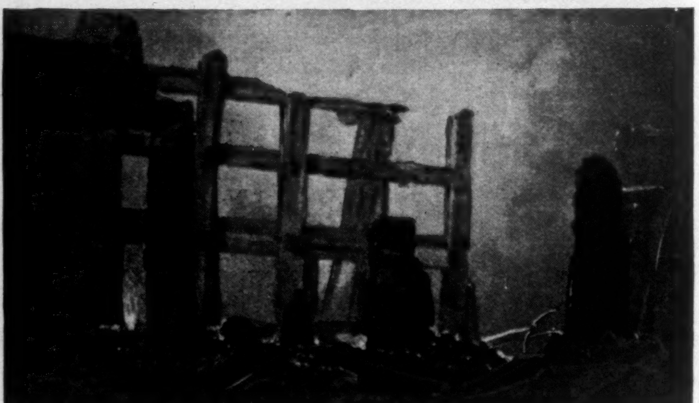
MILWAUKEE CHAIR CO., FROM CHICAGO AND JEFFERSON STREETS.



THE SECOND RELIEF, 8.30 A.M.



JACOB WELLANER & CO., SOUTHEAST CORNER BUFFALO STREET AND BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH.

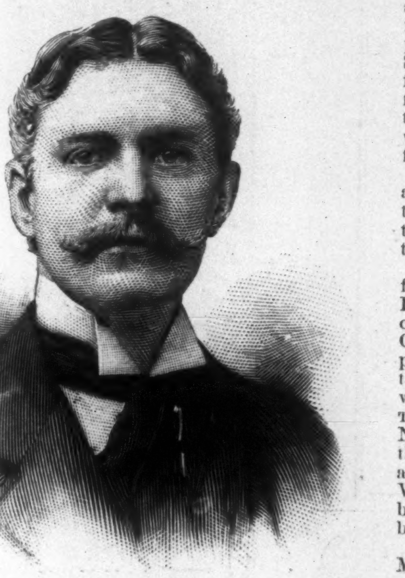


BUB & KIPP'S, LOOKING WEST.

THE GREAT FIRE AT MILWAUKEE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BANGS.—[SEE PAGE 1098.]

PERSONAL.

For some time the interest in music in this country has been on a rapidly rising scale. Never before has there been so many people who know so much of music, or who are so anxious to know more. Every form of music has its admirers, and these are as liable to be found in the villages of



REGINALD DE KOVEN.

the far West as around the music shops of Fourteenth Street or at the Symphony Concerts in Boston.

In order to interest and to attract, or perhaps to instruct, all of these music-lovers, this paper will introduce with its next number a regular department which will treat of things musical and theatrical, and which will be edited by one obviously fitted to make such a department valuable. Mr. Reginald De Koven, who is to do this, is the best-known composer of light opera in America. He writes of music as well as he composes it, and his studies abroad and his practical experience here in producing his own operas have given him a knowledge and grasp upon the subjects of which he will write which are not possessed in like degree by any other writer. He is best known at the present moment through the success of his last opera, *The Fencing-Master*, which has been received with great enthusiasm in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington.

Mr. De Koven has produced three operas of the lighter sort, all of which have met with eminent success, and this latest, which is a more serious effort. Still another opera is to be produced within a few months. The first three were *The Begum*, first produced by the McCaull Company in Philadelphia in 1887; *Don Quixote*, in Boston in 1889; and *Robin Hood*, which, having first seen the foot-lights in Boston, became immensely popular at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in London, under the name of *Maid Marian*. Mr. De Koven, who is still a young man to have done so much, is a native of Chicago, but was educated in England, taking his degree at St. John's, Oxford, in 1879—his twentieth year. His professional education, since he has for love of it made music a profession, began with two years, from 1873 to 1875, at the Stuttgart Conservatoire, and was resumed at the same place for two more years in 1879. After the production of his first opera he studied certain details, particularly orchestration, with Mr. Richard Genee for some months, since which time he has been pushing on along his own way to fame.

Mr. De Koven keeps himself thoroughly *au courant* with all that is going on in music and the drama in other countries as well as our own, and his observations and record of these events will undoubtedly become one of the most attractive features of Harper's Weekly.

—The late General James W. Tuttle, of Iowa, was famous as the leader of the "forlorn hope" by which Fort Donelson was captured for the Federal army. When other commanders had declined to lead their troops against the Confederate ramparts, with almost certain annihilation in prospect, General Smith said to Tuttle, "Colonel, will you take those works?" "Support me promptly and I will," was the answer; and within a few minutes Colonel Tuttle's command, the Second Iowa Infantry, was in action. Not a man spoke as the regiment pushed its way up the hill through a storm of grape-shot and shell. Many fell dead and more wounded, but not a cry or a groan was heard. When his soldiers reached the redoubts and began to clamber over them, Colonel Tuttle cried out, "Give them ——, boys," and within a few minutes the fort was taken.

—Mrs. Levi P. Morton, who becomes the successor of Mrs. Harrison as the leader of society in Washington, is naturally gifted with the qualities demanded of that position, and possesses besides many accomplishments that have made her one of the most popular hostesses in the national capital. She is a very handsome woman, a blonde, an agreeable and witty talker, with graces of mind to match her charming manner, and she has a noteworthy aptitude for leadership. Mrs. Morton is a native of Poughkeepsie, and passed her girlhood in Albany, where she met Mr. Morton.

—It is announced that General Cassius M. Clay, the veteran diplomat, soldier, and antislavery advocate of Kentucky, has presented his fine library and his statuary and paintings to the county in which he lives, for the nucleus of a public library. General Clay is over eighty years of age. His country house is probably the largest, as it is the most unique, in the State, and there, in a forest of trees planted by his own hands years ago, he has for a long time lived the life almost of a hermit. On the 'pike near the house is an old elm-tree, under the branches of which Clay had his fatal encounter with Turner, after a political meeting, over forty years ago.

—One of the most interesting events in connection with the late Columbian celebration was the erection, by the patriotic societies of America, of a lofty liberty-pole at the Highlands of the Navesink, the highest point on the Atlantic coast, and the first land seen from aboardship in entering the great harbor of New York. This pole is erected twenty feet in front of the twin light-house building, and the government of the United States has instructed the light-house-keeper to hoist the flag every day as he puts out the lights, so that after the ceremony of first unfurling the flag either the lights or the flag will be always visible from this point. It is intended that on the anniversaries of the great peace events in the history of the United States the flag used on those days will be the flag of human freedom—that is, the stars and stripes in a border of white, significant of peaceful rather than warlike methods for the settlement of all disputes and differences, national and international. The dates already decided upon on which this flag will be floated are October 21st, Discovery day; September 3d, the anniversary of the signing of the treaty of peace, ending the war of the American Revolution; February 6th, the treaty of recognition and assistance signed by France; December 4th, the treaty closing the war of 1812; April 9th, the anniversary of the re-establishment of peace between the States; May 8th, the *Alabama* claim arbitration treaty; May 7th, the arbitration of the Bering Sea difficulty; January 1st, the ending of slavery in America; November 4th, William Penn's treaty of peace with the Indians.

IN MEMORIAM.

Edmund H. Stewardson, Sculptor—Drowned July 3, 1892; Aged Twenty-seven.

Gone, and we stagger still beneath the blow,
  Scarce understanding why our eyes are wet.
Gone in the flush of youth, the dawn of fame,
  Life's brimming chalice to his lips just set.

All that could make existence rare was his;
  Art was his mistress, Beauty was his goal,
Friendship and Love were ever at his side,
  While Genius led his hand and fired his soul.

What things were lovely and of good report,
  These things he loved. His eager, ardent mind
Woke our dull lives to loftier aim and thought;
  A clearer atmosphere we seemed to find.

Mysterious fate, that strikes we know not why!
  We learn this lesson in our bitter pain—
The beautiful can never really die,
  And all that is immortal we retain.

For still his marbles show their master's praise;
  They ever stand, lovely, serene, and pure,
To tell the promise of his early days,
  While in our hearts his image will endure.

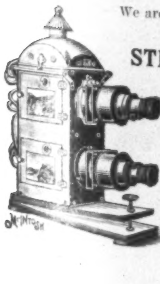
Like some young athlete in Olympic games,
  Triumphant over time and sorrow now,
Unstained by conflict and unscarred by wound,
  The laurels always green upon his brow.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

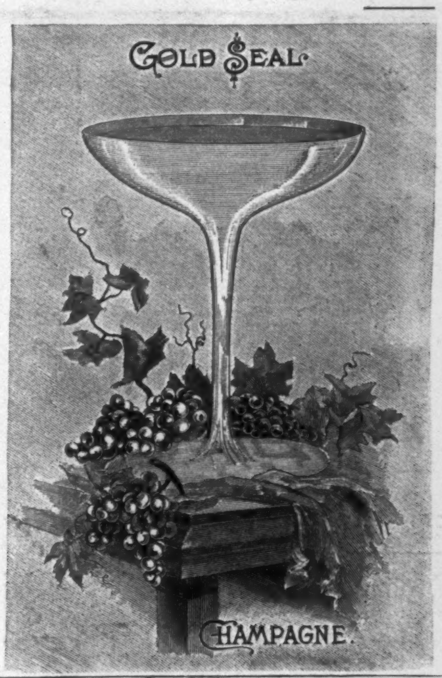
KODAK
The Junior
· · Kodaks
can be used *as hand or tripod cameras with either roll film or glass plates. Fitted with focusing Index and register for exposures. Best Lens; best finish.*
$40 and $50.
Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.
KODAK

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS,
MATERIALS, CHEMICALS, AND SUPPLIES.
Detective and view Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, shutters, dry plates, etc., etc.
THE BEST TEXT-BOOKS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.
Free use of dark room on main floor of our store.
Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue.



We are Manufacturers of, Importers and Dealers in,
STEREOPTICONS,
Gas-Making Apparatus.
100,000 Lantern Slides in Stock.
Lantern Slides to Order.
McINTOSH
Battery & Optical Co.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
☞ Mention this paper.
Write for Catalogue.



URBANA WINE CO.
D. M. HILDRETH, Vice-President.
W. W. ALLEN, Treasurer.
J. W. DAVIS, General Supt.
A. J. SWITZER, Secretary.
HARLO HAKES, President.
POST-OFFICE:
URBANA, N. Y.
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS THE
Best Natural Sparkling Wine
PRODUCED IN AMERICA.
ALSO A
FULL LINE OF WELL-RIPENED AND PURE
Sweet Catawba, Dry Catawba, Port,
Sherry, Clarets, and Brandy
MADE EXCLUSIVELY FROM GRAPES.
☞ For sale by all leading Wine Dealers and Grocers.
HAMMONDSPORT, New York.

TAKE 21,000 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS!
And then consider that of this large number 7,000 will, according to medical statistics, **Die of Consumption.**
One-third of the human race dies of Consumption; facts, and figures back of facts, show it. Preventive medicine is doing much now. **AERATED OXYGEN** stands King of preventive agents. It removes impurities, makes bright, rich, health-giving blood, heals ulcerated lungs, strengthens the respiratory system, and makes iron nerves.
Generous breathers of pure air are useful people, because healthy; **AERATED OXYGEN** inspires voice, and brightens energy. Its record and testimonials justify every claim made. Its history is interesting; its efficacy marvelous. **Send for pamphlet.**
Treatment sufficient for the Winter, $3. Inhaler, 50c. extra.
For those who are skeptical, we put up a trial size, which we shall be pleased to send for $1. Home Office,
AERATED OXYGEN COMPOUND CO., Nashua, N. H.
Chicago Office: 3 & 4 Central Music Hall. New York Office: 19 Beekman Street.

The most perfect toilet powder is
LA VELOUTINE FAY
Special Poudre de Riz
Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY, Perfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris
USE NONE OTHER
Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

"THE CITY OF SMOKE-STACKS," EVERETT, WASHINGTON. Only Ten Months Old. 5000 Inhabitants. $2,000,000 in Industries. Terminus of Great Northern R. R. Co. The very choicest **business, manufacturing, water-front,** and **residence** property for sale. Money loaned for non-residents. References: Bank of Everett, First National Bank of Everett, and Columbia National Bank of Tacoma. John E. McManus, Everett, Snohomish County, Washington.

WARRANTS
of Cities and Counties in OREGON and WASHINGTON drawing 8 TO 10% our specialty. Highest courts decide them **Safe as Bonds** if properly issued. We have some very desirable issues in amounts to suit. Write for details. WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT CO.
Investment Bankers, Fairhaven, Washington.
Eastern Office, 31 Equitable Building, BOSTON.

10% NET TO INVESTORS! on FIRST MORTGAGE Improved Property Loans. Titles guaranteed. Personal attention given to every detail. Best references. Send for sample notes and mortgage used.
JOSEPH P. BACHE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE DORÉ GALLERY.
ENTIRE COLLECTION FROM LONDON.
The Rendezvous of the Elite of New York.
THE CHURCH, LITERATURE AND ART,
THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.
Thousands of deeply impressed visitors.
Open week days, 10 to 10. Admission, 50 cents.
THURSDAYS, 10 to 6.
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, 57th St., and 7th Ave.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c.; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $7.50. RIFLES $2.00 WATCHES GUNS BICYCLES $15
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO., 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

FAIRY TRICYCLES
FOR LADIES, GIRLS AND BOYS.
FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

cured by the use of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Tones the system, makes the weak strong.

Cures Others will cure you.

Arnold Constable & Co

CARPETS AND

UPHOLSTERY.

A very fine selection of CARPETS, CARPETINGS, ORIENTAL RUGS, MATS, and UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS of the richest description, suitable for town houses.

Lace Curtains, Portieres, Wall Coverings.

Orders solicited for AXMINSTER and AUBUSSON WHOLE CARPETS and designs specially prepared.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK CITY.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES:

NO.

727. **An Exquisite Fool.** A Novel. 50 cents.
726. **The Quality of Mercy.** A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. 75 cents.
725. **Charming to Her Latest Day.** A Novel. By ALAN MUIR. 50 cents.
724. **A Man's Conscience.** A Novel. By AVERY MACALPINE. Illustrated. 50 cents.
723. **Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, &c.** By WALTER BESANT. 50 cents.
722. **A Transplanted Rose.** By Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD. 50 cents.
721. **A Charge for France, &c.** By JOHN HEARD, Jun. Two Illustrations. 50 cents.
720. **The Blacksmith of Voe.** By PAUL CUSHING. 50 cents.
719. **The Jonah of Lucky Valley, &c.** By HOWARD SEELY. Illustrated. 50 cents.
718. **A New Saint's Tragedy.** A Novel. By THOMAS A. PINKERTON. 50 cents.
717. **Ruling the Planets.** A Novel. By MINA E. BURTON. 50 cents.
716. **The Baroness.** A Novel. By FRANCES M. PEARD. 50 cents.
715. **Mrs. Dines's Jewels.** A Mid-Atlantic Romance. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Illustrated. 50 cents.
714. **Cut with His own Diamond.** A Novel. By PAUL CUSHING. 50 cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

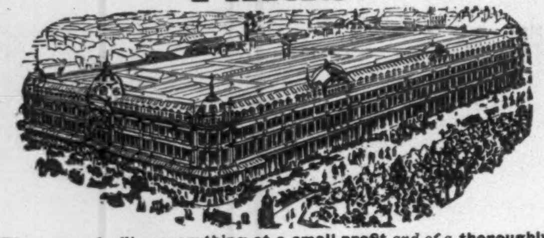
☞ The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

AU BON MARCHÉ

NOUVEAUTÉS

MAISON ARISTIDE BOUCICAUT

PARIS



The system of selling **everything at a small profit** *and of a* **thoroughly reliable quality, is strictly maintained at AU BON MARCHÉ**

AU BON MARCHÉ possess in every department the **richest, most elegant** and most **complete choice** of all classes of goods; it is acknowledged that they offer the greatest advantages, both in **quality** and **sterling value** of everything exposed for sale.

This Establishment *is the largest and the best organized of its kind in the world* and one of the most remarkable **sights of PARIS.**

Catalogues, Patterns, Albums and Designs of all Made up Goods are sent free on demand.

Purchases shipped to any part of the Globe

Correspondance in all languages.

No More Round Shoulders.

KNICKERBOCKER

SHOULDER-BRACE

and Suspender Combined.

Expands the Chest; prevents Round Shoulders. A perfect Skirt-Supporter for Ladies. No harness — simple — unlike all others. All sizes for **Men, Women, Boys,** and **Girls. Cheapest and only reliable Shoulder-Brace.** Easily adjusted and worn with comfort.

It is a **Combined Shoulder-Brace and Suspender.** It provides new and improved suspenders for men's pants, and supporters for ladies' underskirts, which do the double duty of holding up and bracing up.

Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of **$1** per pair, plain, or **$1.50,** silk-faced. Send chest measure around the body. Address

KNICKERBOCKER BRACE COMPANY, Easton, Pa. N. A. JOHNSON, President.

A Poor Start—

Is seldom followed by a brilliant finish. If the Soup be bad, the whole dinner is ruined. USE NONE BUT

"WHITE LABEL,"

The only INDISPUTABLY CORRECT Conserved SOUPS.

Send 10 cents, and address of your grocer, for sample can.

Armour Packing Company,
SOUP DEPARTMENT,
17 Varieties. *Kansas City, Mo.*

Standard Keyboard. Automatic Tabulator Perfect Envelope Guide.

"National" Standard Typewriter

Color of ink can be changed instantly. Absolutely Perfect Manifolder. Can be used with all duplicating processes.

$60 **Ask for Specimen of Illuminated Work.**

Highest Possible Quality, Lowest Price.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

Embodies every good quality found in other standard writing machines, and has many points of superiority all its own. Write us for Illustrated Pamphlet, giving special features, etc. Send two-cent stamp for "Columbian" Calendar, good for 250 years.

NATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.,

715, 717, 719 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

PLAYS — For — PLAYS

Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Charades, Jarley's Wax Works, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues, containing many novelties, full description and prices sent FREE! FREE!

T. H. FRENCH, 28 West 23d St., N. Y.

When writing, please mention this publication.

$10 to $50 per night. A light and profitable business. **Magic Lanterns and Views** of popular subjects. Catalogues on application. Part 1, Optical; 2, Mathematical; 3, Meteorological; 4, Magic Lanterns, etc.

L. MANASSE, 88 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

MAGIC LANTERNS

AND VIEWS for Home or Public Use. The **BEST** in the world. Send for Catalogue.

MARCY SCIOPTICON CO., 1008 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

SAVE AGENTS' DISCOUNTS.

Why pay agents $25 to $35 commission? We sell you direct and save you that. Send 6c. in stamps for particulars and catalogue 20 patterns. **DIRECT DEALING CYCLE CO. Box 592, Baltimore**

Harper's Catalogue,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS

REMEDY

FOR ALL FORMS OF

INDIGESTION.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

CAUTION—See that the name **Beeman** is on each wrapper.

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

A CENT SENT BENT.

Manufacturer of

"CROWN"

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

WELL SPENT, is a cent sent to Bent, (your address, on postal) if you wish a Piano or Organ I want verses about the **"Crown"** goods, and give Pianos, Organs, etc., for the best ones. Ask and learn how it's done. Catalogue free. **GEO. P. BENT, (Clerk No. 2), Chicago, Ill. (Estab. 1870).**

THE KEELEY TREATMENT

WITH the Double Chloride of Gold Remedies for **ALCOHOLISM, DRUG ADDICTION AND NERVE EXHAUSTION** can be obtained in N. Y. State only at the Keeley Institutes in White Plains, Binghamton, Canandaigua, Westfield, and Babylon, L. I. For terms, address or call at either Institute, or at the following offices: 7 E. 27th St., N. Y. City; Room 10, Chapin Block, Buffalo; 32 Larned Building, Syracuse; Room 8, 55 State St., Albany; 122 Ellwanger & Barry B'ld'g, Rochester. All communications strictly confidential. **BEWARE OF IMITATORS**

Kirk's Shandon Bells Toilet Soap.

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

An Ideal Complexion Soap.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25 cents** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

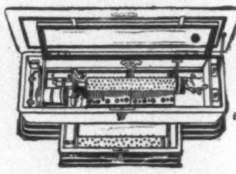
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

IT DEPENDS! If it is "TIFFANY" on a piece of jewelry or plate it is a guarantee of the finest quality and superior workmanship.

If it is "STEINWAY" on a piano it means the "Standard of Excellence." If it is

PAILLARD



ON A

MUSIC BOX

it means the acme of perfection in mechanical construction, in purity and mellowness of tone, in artistic effects, beauty of finish, and durability.

It Means the Best

A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of music to visit the establishment. Catalogue on application.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,

680 Broadway, New York.

STE CROIX, - - SWITZERLAND.

"The finish crowns the work." But, if the finish is mean, it degrades the whole job.

This is truer of varnish than of almost anything else; but you do not know how to protect yourself.

The "People's Text-Book" will help you—sent free.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.

Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

EMERSON PIANOS

60,000 SOLD

43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

SWEET TONED. SOLD ON MERIT.

MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE

EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

CATALOGUES FREE.

EMERSON PIANO CO.,

174 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS. | 92 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

This is the FAMOUS **BOSTON CHEST WEIGHT**

For the Home or Gymnasium —the child or athlete.

Noiseless, Adjustable, Simple, Handsome.

A perfect and durable mechanical device which costs no more than the wonderful contrivances of string and iron which rattle and squeak and weary.

We are the largest manufacturers of Gymnastic Apparatus in the country. Come right to headquarters. It will pay you. Catalogue Free.

Consumers now get the Agent's discount of 25 per cent.

THE SCHUMACHER GYMNASIUM CO., AKRON, OHIO

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.

By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.

A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

AMATEVR · SPORT

This department went to press on Friday, November 4th, because of election day falling on one of the usual printing days, and consequently before the Princeton-University of Pennsylvania, Harvard-Cornell, and Yale-Wesleyan games.

It looks now as though the efforts to bring about a race for the *America's* Cup would end quite as unsatisfactorily as they did in 1887. The present status of affairs emphasizes what this department declared a week or so ago, viz., that the question should not have been left to any five men in the New York Yacht Club. The *America's* Cup is in every sense, save actual ownership, a national trophy, and in the light of the Deed of Gift controversy that has divided yachtsmen, its fate should have been discussed and settled at an open meeting of the N. Y. Y. C. In a club vote on the question there is little doubt a different reply would have been sent Dunraven. Ex-Commodore J. D. Smith surely cannot have been correctly quoted in the daily papers as saying if Dunraven wins the cup "we have not held him to the condition that it must be held under the Deed of Gift," or if so he is strangely ignorant of the Deed of Gift itself and the committee's (of which he is a member) reply to Dunraven. The concessions Mr. Smith cites as showing the spirit of fairness on the committee's part are insignificant, and for the most part really details incidental to the main issue that comes up for settlement in every race.

The arraignment of the New York Yacht Club by the London *Field* is very severe, unnecessarily harsh in choice of language, but it cuts straight at the root of all the difficulty. Here is a cup given by five gentlemen under a sportsmanlike deed; it continues practically intact until four of them are dead, when the fifth, at the instance of his club, re-donates the cup under a new Deed of Gift, with much if not all of the sportsmanship left out, and some new clauses put in. It is railroaded through by a clique, and stands before the world as an example of American racing spirit.

The New York Yacht Club declares it will not accept a challenge for the *America's* Cup unless this new Deed of Gift is recognized as binding by the challenger. Dunraven and the English yacht-clubs have declared they will not challenge under this deed. And there you are; and here we are with an unsportsmanlike document encompassing our one national yacht-racing trophy, and a prejudiced band of a dozen or so controlling document, committees, and all.

We want a broader view taken of international yacht-racing, and sportsmen rather than lawyers to take charge of the trophy that was first raced for under the auspices of sportsmen and on a sportsmanlike basis.

The Chicago Athletic Club team gave Princeton on the 2d the hardest tussle up to date, harder undoubtedly, judging on public form, than the University of Pennsylvania eleven is giving them as we are on the press, and it was a game than which no more interesting one will be played this year. It seemed so odd to see Heffelfinger, the great Yale guard, helping Alward, one of Harvard's victorious team of '90, through a hole, and one looked again to convince one's self if those two ends on the Chicago team were really Donnelly, ex-Princeton, and Hartwell, ex-Yale, two of the best end rushers, by-the-way, that ever went down the field on a kick. At full back, to make the illusion more disturbing, stood "Snake" Ames, the greatest all-round player in that position Princeton ever had, with Woodruff and Crawford, both clever old Yale players, and the former especially one of the best even to-day; the visiting team had, indeed, a host of stars. Nor was that all the talent, for they had a right tackle, Finney by name, who has the reputation, I understand, of having the biggest leg in Indiana, which is saying a great deal, who, when given the ball, went through Princeton's line like a cannon-ball. He is green at the game, but if he had one season's training at any one of the large colleges, he would make a reputation for himself and his eleven. Considering the fact that half these men played together for the first time on the 2d, and the other half not more than a week, the game they put up against Princeton showed of just what sterling football stuff they are made.

The weakness of Princeton's defensive game was very apparent, but, on the other hand, they at times put up a very sharp offensive game. There is one especially fatal weakness which Princeton's coachers must strengthen before Thanksgiving day, else Yale will make it count sorely against them, and that is the frequency with which Homans is tackled when the ball is passed to him for a kick. In the game against Chicago, Hartwell was on Homans almost as soon as the Princeton full back got the ball. Of course all the end rushers this year are not Hartwells, but there are not a great many strings tied to Hinkey, and indeed none of the ends this year are slow. Homans gets no chance whatever, for both ends, and sometimes a tackle or a guard, are on top of him, and if the kick is not stopped, it never does Homans justice. The Princeton backs do not seem to ward off at all. This is a very important matter to Phil King and his team, and it behooves them to to make great improvement, or it will work disastrously to their chances on the 24th.

Princeton has no especial cause for alarm over its centre, for it is certainly as strong if not stronger than Yale's at this writing, and there is no reason why it should not continue to improve equally as much. Hall made a much better showing opposite Heffelfinger than could have been expected from so green a man at the game against the most skilful guard that ever trod the gridiron field. He should be able in the remaining three weeks to improve so much that no guard Yale can put against him will outplay him.

Wheeler played a great game against Chicago; he blocked and broke through, tackled, and ran with the ball, making quite a star gain at one time. It looks to me as though he will be the best guard in any college before the season is at any end, although Waters at Harvard runs him pretty close for the honor. Sanford at Yale is also a good man, but remembrance of his game at centre makes his work at guard seem poor by comparison.

Sanford is a very powerful man, and so is Wheeler, and if these two face one another on Thanksgiving day, it will be a contest of the giants, sure enough.

Balliett has improved his centre play this season very much. I doubt if the University of Pennsylvania snap back Adams has any the better of him now, though last Saturday's game should in a very large measure have decided that point.

Fiscus played the best game of his life at left tackle against Chicago. I did not notice any holes made through him, and when given the ball he made good gains every time. He was very slow in starting, but when once in motion he was not to be downed until he had got through the line for his several yards. It is not altogether unlikely that he may play in the Yale game. There is just the barest possibility of Harold playing, and if he does he will be put in at his old place opposite Winters, with whom he tussled last year. Lea would in that case probably go to end, and either Holly or Fiscus at the other tackle. This arrangement would leave Trenchard out—much to be regretted, for he is a hard-working, clever end rusher; but as between him and Lea, the latter, with his cleverness and 173 pounds, weight, leaves small room for choice. Vincent, of course, is a fixture at the other end, both by reason of his skill and his experience in the big game last year. Morse has improved somewhat at quarter, but he is yet altogether too slow in getting the ball to the runner, and he must make himself more useful in blocking off after having passed the ball back to Homans for a kick. He tackles well, *i.e.*, he gets hold of his man, but does not bring him down instanter. This is a failing of nearly every man on the team, barring Johnny Poe, who comes honestly by his hard low tackling, for his brother Edgar was one of the surest and hardest tacklers in football history. There is a vast difference, so far as efficacy to the team is concerned, in simply throwing one's arms about a man, trusting to your weight to bring him down—in other words, merely *falling* on him—and in lifting your man off his feet and downing him simultaneously with the tackling. It does not read as though very important, perhaps, but one would be astonished to learn how many yards it means, lost or gained, during a match game. This is always a strong feature of Yale teams, and it was one of the most valuable qualities of Cumnock's winning eleven of '90.

As a half back Johnny Poe has few equals. He played a strong game against Chicago, and he always does play hard and earnestly. It is simply astonishing, considering his size and weight, that he manages to get so much drive into his line bucking, and not a half back playing to-day is so clever at dodging. Princeton has a good reserve half back in Barnett, who has developed rapidly this season, and corrected in a large measure his fault of slow starting. He has as much "smash" in him when he strikes the line as any man of his weight on the field, and reminds one of Princeton's old half, Spicer, in his fighting for ground until absolutely held. He is a Freshman, and will be heard from before he is graduated.

And with all this good material Princeton put up a very ragged game against Chicago. At times the offensive play was very strong, but the defensive game was weak and fumbling, and muffing the ball added to the general looseness. The team needs a lot of bracing up on the defensive game, for it must be particularly strong in this respect to keep Yale from pushing it steadily down the field. In offensive play Princeton, like its great opponent Yale, is at its strongest, and it looks now as if the ball would change hands pretty often were the teams to meet in their present shape. It may be depended on, however, that Yale will come up strong on the finish also in its defensive play, and it behooves Princeton to go and do likewise.

Writing before seeing Harvard against Cornell at Springfield, November 5th, and with only the results of the Amherst and Tech. games to judge by, the weakened defensive game of the Cambridge eleven seems utterly incomprehensible. When Amherst pushed Harvard straight down the field twice for a touch-down, three days after the latter had put up so stiff a defence against the Chicago Athletic Club team, it seemed as if there must be some "method in the madness." Now, when the Tech. eleven, which makes no pretensions whatsoever, also runs the Harvard eleven well into its own territory, one is lost to account for it. If Harvard, two weeks before the Yale game, could not keep a team like Tech. from driving them well back to their own goal, there is not a great deal of hope for the crimson at Springfield. It is not to explain it by declaring it "characteristic" of Harvard teams to play brilliantly and wretchedly by turns; it might be more truly said that it is "characteristic" of Harvard teams with magnificent material to be defeated, but this would be equally as unsatisfactory.

The fact is Harvard is playing like untrained schoolboys. The defensive game which apparently existed in the game against Chicago has entirely disappeared. In its stead Harvard is playing a game weak in every point; the men in the line are blocking wretchedly. They do not seem to be even trying to stop their opponents, either separately or collectively. They are slow in getting through, and even when they do get through they stand around doing nothing.

When a team like that which represented Technology can go through the Harvard line time and time again, and at any place they hit, it is high time that the true weaknesses of the Harvard team should be showed up, and one must go to the root of Harvard system and coaching for explanation.

Playing as Harvard is to-day, she is sure of being defeated at Springfield, and the erratic handling of the men will be responsible for it to the greatest measure. Harvard is playing a worse game of ball to-day than she was two weeks ago.

And it looks to me as if the only chance at Springfield is to strengthen the centre. Waters ought to be moved back to his old position at tackle, with Mackie and Acton guards and Lewis centre. This would give more weight to the centre, and at the same time strengthen a place in the line through which, as it stands to-day, any team in the country, almost, can send a runner for a gain of three to five yards.

Trafford at quarter is slowly improving. He may be able to fill the position in a satisfactory manner, but at present too much time is wasted in getting the ball to the runner, and he himself, instead of *aiding* the play, gets into the way of the runner, or else stands a useless member of the combination. With Lake, Gray, Brewer, and Lee (if he is in good condition), Corbett has no claim to a position behind the line. He is sure to make the wrong play at the right time (for his opponents).

If Trafford cannot get more speed into his pass, there is no question that Harvard's chances would be much better with Fairchild at quarter. In fact, I am inclined to think that they would anyway, for Trafford at full back can steady his team much better than he can at quarter.

Harvard has great need of a man like Stewart to steady the team down and get the best out of them. Cumnock has the energy, but needs a steadying influence; and if Stewart could be called in, the Harvard team within a week would be playing a much stronger game.

There is a great deal of mystery about the tricks of Mr. Delans which the Harvard eleven has been trying, and these are said to be good ones. How any one knows is not explained, since not an outside soul is permitted on Soldiers Field. I hope, for Harvard's sake, her eleven is not depending on these tricks, if they be used, to carry the day; tricks are all very well in their way, but they are at best only an auxiliary, and unless the team trying them is well grounded in football, will fail to connect. The cleverest tricks in the world are not likely to win a game from start to finish, nor can the smartest one of them be put in play, if the team cannot hold its opponents well enough to enable the bit of strategy to be put in working order.

That surprise Yale sprung on Princeton last Thanksgiving day, when McCormick dropped a goal from the field, was a very pretty play, and worked to a charm, but it was the splendid work of the team leading up to the climax that made it possible. No one will assert that, given the trick, any team could have carried it through so successfully.

Since the gates were closed at New Haven there has been an even greater effort than ever to solve the problem of the centre. Corbin has not only taken hold of Stillman, but also of Sanford, and after several abortive attempts to settle upon either one of these men, still another new move was made, and McCrae was taken in hand. He has had a few lessons from Corbin, and last week was put in upon the scrub side, and later moved over upon the 'varsity. His snapping back is hardly what one might term a success as yet, but the Yale coaches have evidently come to the end of their rope, and there certainly is no time to be lost. Hence their desperation. McCrae is one of the men likely to make a mark in football during the next year or two. Although only seventeen years old, he has been making a hard life for the Yale guards, Sanford, O'Neil, and others who have faced him. In fact, I should not be in the least surprised if he had a chance in a big game yet this year. He weighs 185 pounds, and is able to use every pound of it. All that he needs is a little experience, and another year of age.

Captain McCormick has for the last week adopted a new method for deciding upon his centre men. He has given Hickok the place of right guard permanently, barring accident. He has played Stillman in the centre and Sanford at left guard during the first half of practice, and during the second half has given Sanford the centre and McCrae the guard. He has also played McCrae as centre on the same side. By this system he evidently hopes to secure two good centres and a change guard, but I still incline to the belief that he would have been better off to have settled permanently the three centre men by the last week in October.

Hamlin, another substitute who may be called out in any game, is a light-weight half back who has played on the college side at New Haven through a novitiate of three years, and in that time has had more tough knocks than usually fall to the lot of any player. He can therefore be relied upon to stand grief well. He weighs 135 pounds, and is a perfect spider in the way he darts hither and thither through the line. Either the men behind the Yale line have gone fine, or else the injuries which have been considered of no great moment are proving more serious than was anticipated. L. Bliss has hardly played continuously since his knee was hurt, and Graves has lately followed his example. Butterworth was the third to be laid off, and he had no definite injury to account for such a move. I take it that this means that all three men have been laid off for a rest rather than for serious injury. In another week we shall see Graves, Butterworth, and Bliss all out in the finest possible shape once more and fit to play championship games, just as we always see Yale teams up to their best form when the final test comes. The Yale team of last season played through as hard a game as one would wish to see in the Harvard match, and the following Thursday, without a change of a single man, met and defeated Princeton in another severe struggle, the first half of which was particularly punishing owing to the long drives of Homans, which necessitated equal running gains on Yale's part.

The game with Tufts was a fair demonstration of the justice of criticising constant changing in the centre, for in this case three men of much inferior physique easily outclassed their Yale opponents through their better systematic play. I don't know that I joined in the general howl of disappointment that arose from the Yale crowd at the closeness of the first half, for I know that Tufts has done some very creditable work this season. But I did find much to criticise in the general slouchiness—if one may be permitted the use of the word—of the Yale line. It had none of the firmness that has characterized so many of their teams—the springy strength which, while occasionally bending, never yields, but rather wears out the opponents by the contact.

The running of Graves is coming to be very nearly as good as was McClung's. He has speed and force, and his long experience is sure to tell in a game. Beyond this he is a good drop kicker. Yale always felt nervous about him when they met the Trinity team in the last two or three years, because he was too dangerous if allowed a shot inside the thirty-five-yard line, and he has not fallen off since those days. Bliss shows his lack of practice, particularly in swinging behind the interference—not yet matching his speed with theirs, as he used to do so well last season. Nor is he quite so fast when he makes his burst of speed to circle the end. Apart from these two lapses I cannot see but that he is the same. Butterworth will never be a line-breaker, but he is going to surprise some one with the distance of his punting. When the time comes for him to kick against Homans and Corbett or Trafford, I don't imagine that it will take a very long tape to measure the difference between his kicks and those of his opponents.

To sum up, the progress of the Yale team since I last wrote has been most marked in the improvement of the defensive play. The line is steadier, and not so easily thrown off its balance. The men are better individually at anticipating what the move of the opponents is to be, and thwarting it. They are no stronger than a week ago in general offensive play, and although the smaller tricks are being brought forward, they seem incapable of that dash which enabled them last season to carry the ball from the centre to a touch-down without a break. I don't believe this year's Yale team will ever do that in a big game.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(With Chapter on Team-Play.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price, $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.